

The
INVISIBLE FULCRUM

By
J. John Gilbert

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Charlotte Ward
3730 - W. 30th St.

The
INVISIBLE FULCRUM

By
J. JOHN GILBERT



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
BURTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers

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BURTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
KANSAS CITY, MO.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN THE U. S. A.

This Book

IS DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

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O Threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

Strange, is it not? That of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

—*Khayyam*.

PREFACE

The unending beam of Infinity upon which all Finite things are weighed and considered, and in accordance with the decision found thereon all things are accepted or rejected, rests upon *The Invisible Fulcrum*. A strange and arresting quality is this Fulcrum, scanning the world of thought from the known to the unknown; an illimitable reflector of the universe, defiant of analysis, inimical alike to dogma and hypothesis; noting both the false and the true, the beautiful and the homely, but sweeping all before it by the sheer centripetal force of its sympathy. It is a subtle and penetrating analysis; it is knowledge; it is power.

It is this quality within the individual that enables him to drive out hate and fear, grief and anxiety, vanities, envies, and jealousies; that enables him to exclude vice and cruelty, disease, and selfishness. It is power that makes him prudent and restrained and self-controlling; morally clean, and mentally alert. It stands an insurmountable barrier before indecision and doubt; sorrow and unhappiness; viciousness and evil. It is power, eternal and unchangeable, that kills out the chimera of superstition, and electrifies the conscious mental energies that have so long been dulled by harmful suggestions. It discerns delusion,

sham, and treachery; artfulness, insincerity, and artificiality. It magnifies, exalts, elevates; it is compatible with freedom; it is dignity of thought; it is honor and harmony; health, happiness, and success.

Power is all this and more, but unless there is definite knowledge of its existence, it remains dormant in the individual, of no more use than the energy of a lost storage battery.

The *Invisible Fulcrum* is discerning. It is not a furtive groping after knowledge; all knowledge is therein contained. It is like a never-ending mirror which reflects the thoughts and deeds of everything in the universe. What is reflected depends upon the individual, and individual thought. It is the knowledge and the use of power. This knowledge does more than give to man latitude in determining his life biologically; it places in his hands the moulding of his own destiny; it enables him dispassionately to control and to counsel with his instincts; it discloses that in man's latitude of action there is not granted by the great and compelling force which unerringly guides flora and fauna, any special privilege for the breaking of a natural law; it leads one into the path of positivism that rests as much upon a psychical as physical basis.

Everyone who has achieved has trod the positive path strong with the knowledge of power. The power which compassed the bronze horses of Lysippus and the Circus Maximus would have amounted to nothing had

there not been first a knowledge of it. Creative force responded to the insistence of knowledge and the Collosseum, the palace of Hortenseus, and the Bascilica Julia resulted. It is power together with the knowledge of its possession that stands for every achievement.

The *Invisible Fulcrum* seeks to reflect the truth and beauty and power which all nature as the greatest manifestation of thought offers man. Its charm lies more in what it awakens rather than in the manner of its expression in the essays or what it expresses. Its province is at once to instruct and to delight; its scope knows no bounds save those defined by humanity; its chief occupation is to show that every object in the universe is an essential part of the whole; its final concern is to preserve the ideals of Nature, the ideals of faith, hope, charity, love, chastity, justice, friendship, reverence, and duty. To these ideals the great human race owes its objective existence. Upon these ideals depend for being the abstract and concrete, the objective and subjective, the universal and personal; upon these ideals depend our civilization, our freedom, our progress, our homes, our religion.

The desire of the *Invisible Fulcrum* to give entire expression to these ideals may be realized only in part, for the achievement is ever lesser than the dream, but the spirit which prompted the attempt to fly to the star, likewise prompts every attempt to attain every ideal; and though the flight may never be

made to the star, nor the ideal ever attained, yet the universe would be inexpressibly poorer were either star or ideal taken away. Spenser's dream of the immortal "Faery Queen" was realized only in part. Six books only, of the contemplated twenty-four were finished, but these six books: Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, reflected the ideals upon which the universe is founded and will always stand the test of time. The dream must always be greater than the creation.

"A book should help us to enjoy life or to endure it," says Samuel Johnson.

INTRODUCTION

It is the thoughtful reader who intrigues the thoughtful writer.

There is an occult sympathy in the positive approbation of a reader that sweeps with compelling force into the consciousness of a writer and makes him know that he has supplied a distinct desideratum of the universal. The object of the present volume is to render the thoughtful reader more pensive concerning the vast depths of the inner mental realm. All the elemental powers of the earth are nothing in comparison with the powers of the mind. The intricate machinery of the universe is directed by thought. Of this illimitable universal machinery, man's mentality is a quality. Through the conscious direction of this quality, the highest ambitions can be realized. To the thoughtful reader, the present volume seeks to point out the rationality in the great fact of nature, and to demonstrate that man is an all-important cog in the natural machine. It discusses, moreover, the natural laws and explains their immutability by pointing out an instance where a natural law had been violated and the consequences which followed subsequent to the violation. The tenor throughout is highly optimistic, and where a bleak picture has been painted, it was done to accentuate the bright which follows

thereafter. The theory of the volume is that the great mental life which governs man can be shaped, guided, and controlled by man himself through suggestion. Positive thoughts only, build. The man who has failed in his life has lived in the negative, and his vibrations in the universal have been of a negative nature. The man who is hopeful, courageous, energetic, met the same conditions as the negative man, but he met the conditions with hope and faith, and before that combination defeat must turn into victory.

The powers of the unconscious mental realm are stressed throughout. In light, heat, electricity, the wind, there is evidence of a mighty force which the conscious mind is unable to explain. Compared to the energies of the mind, all those mysterious energies are nothing. Man could be more than all the elements of nature combined were he to harness the powers of his inner mental realm.

A terrific hurricane raged over the decks of the U. S. S. Iowan in mid-Atlantic. With every onward rush, the giant vessel that was but a period in the firmament by comparison, sky-rocketed to dizzy heights on mountainous seas, and then without warning catapulted into space to land with sickening thud in a watery cavern that seemed to be without bottom, and the next moment the towering seas almost submerged her as the waves met in mid-air over the topmost deck. From a deck which was deserted save for himself, a lone

individual stood watching the nerving spectacle of the storm. Stretching for fifteen hundred miles in every direction there was naught but riotously heaving water. The consciousness of unutterable smallness and physical powerlessness in the seething maelstrom rushed over the lone watcher. What an insignificant being he was in comparison with the awful vastness around him, yet the prospect did not appall him for he realized that he was still greater than all the power of that upheaving ocean; that the power which was moving on the deep was a part of him and he a part of the power; that there was nothing for him to fear in those terrifying elements.

In nature there is no conscious idealism; there is no goal; no aspirations. There is only a strict observance to well-defined laws. Man knowing his own weakness for abrogating a law which interferes with his physical comfort, sees the compliance of nature with these laws and feels his inequalities become magnified a thousandfold. He realizes that his desire to survive the raging tempest is nothing more than the desire of survival which nature implanted within him for a reason. But why should a man resist the idea of death at the hands of the storm? To many, the idea of death is one of horror and pain and uncertainty. Were he assured that this natural path along which every man must tread alone, is not one of physical pain, and mental

travail, the appalling aspects were lost even though his station after death were not bettered; but he has the old horror of death looming up as a stygian monster before him, crying out that maybe after all there is no such thing as spiritual existence. The greatest desire of man as a physical entity is spiritual entity. At no time is the desire more pronounced than in moments of extreme danger when death seems imminent. At such a moment when man feels that his life is about to be snuffed out, nature appears a huge monster about to snatch from him all that he holds dear in material things. For many years he had labored to build up his business to its present gigantic proportions; his competitors had been many, and so busy had he been in making sure of his social and commercial survival that he had no time to think of his spiritual survival. To have the terrifying thought of a possible non-spiritual existence rushed upon him suddenly, gives him a feeling of fear and horror that amounts almost to hate—hatred of this mysterious source that placed him here, and without explaining the past or future left him to work out his own destiny.

How foolish and futile to fear a power as mysterious in origin as we! Can it be possible that death will be any more mysterious than birth? Freud traces dreams as far back as the pre-natal period. Is it not possible that to the pre-natal dreamer the idea of birth was

as mysterious and horrifying as death is to us? It is the mystery which appalls us. We can have no knowledge of the thoughts of the bird when it finds itself in the clutches of the cat and realizes the imminence of death; nor of the butterfly that finds itself caught in the silky web of the spider; nor of the primrose bush, nor the Solomon Seal, nor the Marsh Marigold whose withered and drooping leaves betoken the approach of death. Of the great natural scheme, human beings are as important a part as the plants. If for them death is a passing off into slumber, then so it is for us. If we are admitted to a higher plane of thought, then likewise are the plants, for they are cogs in the great rational machine of the universe the same as we. If man could bring himself to realize that he is a part of the great mental power which moves nature, the idea of death would take on a meaning the infinitude of which cannot be bounded by human imagination.

Revelation of these mental powers of man cannot come altogether through explanation. Experience only, explains. The direction of the thought into channels whereby it is learned that the powers we do not understand are traceable to mind and not to accident or chance, affords this experience. The aim of this volume is to create the realization of power. The volume seeks, moreover, to give the experience of the illimitable power in nature and its close relationship to the con-

scious mentality of man. The power behind the raging hurricane is kind and gentle. Then do not resist this power and fear it as a thing of evil, but transfer the attention from the awfulness of the storm process to the beneficent power behind. This brings about a new consciousness in the mental realm—consciousness that the supreme source of life is open and that omnipotency is waiting to be called into use. Anxiety and fear will be a thing of the past; the spirit which prompted rebellion and censure will give way to the new consciousness; a great calm will settle in the conscious mental realm, and fellowship, poise, and self-mastery are attained. It is the introspective soul that cleanses the mind of fear and superstition, and upon the fragmentary physical organism, directs the searchlights of new-born conscious mental powers with the knowledge that all things visible and invisible are necessary parts of the gigantic whole.

The visible world is but a movement of the great power; is but the effect of the great cause. To manifest this great power the world was given visibility. Everything in the world, regardless of its unimportance, its apparent good or evil (the emotions of grief, anger, hatred, love), is necessary for the mental evolution of things. Were it not for evil, salvation were unnecessary. Evil is a necessary step in the evolution of salvation. From the silent mental realm wherein everything evolves, emanates the force of the wind.

From this same silent world spring alike our courage, our happiness, our love, our peace; our fears, our dislikes, our miseries. With the first wrongful action or suggestion by the physical, there follows a like evolution in the mental. There is a potency for good or evil in the spoken word. It is dangerous to repeat carelessly any phrase which might wreck the human system if it is accepted by the unconscious and manifested in the physical being. The same law which works happiness works also unhappiness. Man suffers because of his ignorance of the universality of the law.

Thought gravitates to its own environment. The plane of thought upon which one lives, whether of love, hate, greed, fear, will attract other similar thoughts in the universe. The process of thought transmission exceeds by many thousands of times the rapidity of lightning. The receptivity of the individual decides the nature of the thoughts which come to him. The thoughts he thinks are the thoughts he receives. The words he speaks are the thoughts he holds. By his own words then, by conscious auto-suggestion, he can place in the mental realm the demand which means disease, unhappiness, failure, or health, happiness, and success.

THE SUGGESTION PRINCIPLE

The spoken word is one of the easiest and most widely traveled avenues to the mighty realm of the subconscious. Great care should be taken to guard against the utterance of harmful expressions, for such utterance may bring irremediable disaster upon the thoughtless speaker. To illustrate: Suppose that every day while breathing in deeply the following thought should be repeated, "I breathe in health," and while exhaling the following thought should be voiced, "I breathe out disease." In time the condition of health must manifest itself in the body of him voicing the thoughts. Suppose, however, that through carelessness the speaker should repeat, "I am breathing in disease," instead of "health." Such a mistake would be very unfortunate for his state of being, for were this persisted in for any length of time, the condition of disease would manifest itself.

There is a reason for this. A chain of thoughts rising in the objective must pass through the subjective mind before reaching the subconscious. The subjective mind is the storehouse of memories. In the subjective, the train of thoughts become entangled in the mass of symbols, fancies, and unreasoned whims and is so broken up and scattered that it never reaches the subconscious. A

single thought only, will be able to pass through the subjective and penetrate the subconscious because a single thought is unreasoned. This means that an idea isolated from all the other ideas of the objective mind, will be able to pass through the subjective realm and make its ingress, and impress itself upon the subconsciousness solely because of its isolation. It is the isolated idea that sets the power of the subconscious to work. It is the constant spoken word that isolates the idea and penetrates the subconscious to work out the destiny or the destruction of the body housing the mind. The only thought which can reach the subconscious must be unreasoned. The subconscious reasons nothing; it knows all without reasoning. It knows that the spirit was never born and that the beginning and end were but dreams. It needs not search for the reason. With the subconscious, there is no reason. Thus, every thought which penetrates the subconscious is accepted as truth and worked into fact even though the thought might be contrary to truth according to objective standards of reasoning. If the thought, "I am breathing in health" is repeated, the immutable law of the universe says that he who repeats the thought must be healthy. The law works in accordance with the spoken word. Any thought that is repeated a sufficient number of times to isolate it from all the other thoughts of the conscious mind, will be accepted as truth by the subconscious

and worked into being regardless of the consequences to the body.

Greatest caution should be exercised in choosing the word which is to be given utterance. The great inner consciousness is nothing with which to trifle. Every suggestion which is given into its realm, it will certainly work into fact. He who gives constant utterance to vicious and poisonous thoughts may wreak incalculable damage on mind and body. Read carefully the treatise which follows immediately; it is a demonstration and an application of the law.

MARBLE FINGERS

"The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on,
Nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

—*Omar Khayyam.*

It was eleven o'clock at night. From the black canopy of cloud, a heavy snow fell, a silent, impenetrable white wall before the small lighted window of Dr. Ingersoll's office. An occasional blast of eerie wind, raw and cutting, interrupted the regularity of the white descent for a moment to drive the heavy flakes in flying vortices angrily past the window.

The staid, severe lines of the Olympus Hospital fast assumed a strange and unreal appearance. From aloft, the single high tower overlooking the river affected a stern sense of majesty as the flying snow possessed itself of every niche and crevasse in the decaying tower of the ancient masonry. Like a nebulous mystic cloak, the driving snow eagerly sought out the gaping wooden shutters, piling them full and high, effectually closing the intervening spaces, and giving the tower the appearance of solid white marble against the black emptiness of the sky.

In the swivel chair before the flat-topped desk, sat Dr. Ingersoll in a position of rigid

attention, his brown eyes black with despair, his muscular fingers gripping the arms of the chair like steel vises.

As the wind, an indistinct, monotonous wail, started afar off toward the river front, and swept up the avenue toward the hospital, growing louder as it drew nearer, Dr. Ingersoll shuddered mightily, and the dark eyes that were turned on the door leading into the corridor were filled with abject horror and fear.

"Great God," he groaned, as he buried his disheveled head in his hands as though trying vainly to shut out the mocking shriek of the wind, "dead—dead, Evalyn—little Eve dead. And all because of me. It can't be! it can't be!" he cried aloud in anguish. "It can't be. I must wake up in a moment to find it was all an awful dream."

But no, Ingersoll knew that it was not a dream, but one of the drab and horrible realities of life. Even now, Evalyn, his bride of thirty-six hours, lay dying on the table of the operating room a few short steps down the hall. Dr. Tull had promised to tap twice on the door of the office once the wavering spirit of the girl had been claimed by the grim reaper.

Ingersoll raised his head suddenly alert; the death-like pallor of his face was accentuated by the fear in the eyes he turned on the door. No, it was not a tap at the door. It was only the dripping of the melting snow as it fell to the empty attic floor above. With a

groan, Dr. Ingersoll allowed his head to fall back into its former position of hopeless weariness.

* * *

Dr. Ingersoll had been with the Olympus for two years, and was still an enigma. During the two years he had been with the institution, he had definitely proved several things. His mastery in handling difficult and serious cases had made his services indispensable to the hospital. That he was a craftsman second to none in the country was an unqualified fact; even his enemies admitted that. Moreover, he wore a "phi beta cappa" key. What college man is there who has not envied the possessor of that symbol of intellectual pre-eminence? These are laudable qualities, indubitably. Yet with it all, Dr. Ingersoll had few friends among the personnel of the hospital. All his brother surgeons dreaded him; the nurses of the institution hated and feared him. Why?

The case of Dr. Brent Ingersoll is one of the most peculiar that has ever come to our attention. We can not hope to arrive at a solution of this mysterious case; psychologists have undertaken it, and failed. The least we can do is to make you conversant with the harsh and unvarnished facts that went to make up the existence of this peculiarly gifted man, and allow you to form your own last conclusions.

Psychologists explain his condition as an abnormal, mental, unconscious, and horrible response to humor. Rather a large order, true, but an order which the young surgeon filled only too efficaciously. To every mind responding in any way to humor, the psychologists continue, wit is a type of unconscious gratification; it is, in substance, a form of mental relaxation for the reason that it interrupts serious concentration by presenting serious thoughts in an illogical, and consequently humorous vein.

The repression of primitive instincts has been the history of the whole evolution of civilization. With the past centuries of repressions and inhibitions, there has developed in the unconscious personality of the human being, a tension which the unconscious mind is ever seeking to relieve. The pressure of steam in a boiler must be relieved once the boiler is filled to capacity, or a violent explosion is the result. With the constant repression of primitive instincts, there follows a consequent increase of the mental tension which corresponds to the steam in the boiler. This tension must be lessened—must be relieved in some way, or a veritable explosion will take place in the human brain.

That, in short, is the comprehensive apology which psychologists offer us for the horrible state of being of Dr. Brent Ingersoll, master surgeon.

The mental boiler, in a manner of speaking, had been filled to its utmost capacity, subjecting the entire mental and nervous systems to probable explosion and destruction, unless this pressure was in some way relieved. And most horrible to relate, this pressure could be relieved in only one way, and that was the sight of some one suffering intense pain and grief. In other words, some one else's disaster was to Ingersoll a source of great pleasure, since that was the only agency whereby his unnatural mental tension could be relieved.

Since this abnormal wit was the valve which must relieve the terrific strain on Ingersoll's nervous system, any disastrous scene was to him irresistibly amusing; and the more appalling the disaster, the more amusing it was. Thus, it might be said that a morbid, distorted sense of humor—a most horrible caricature of wit was the only channel which served to relieve the tension occasioned by the centuries of repression on Ingersoll's unconscious nature.

That a surgeon should be possessed with such dubious qualities was one of the peculiar anomalies of fate; a ghastly prank of the omnipotent subconsciousness.

Psychologists contend that this idiosyncrasy is a foundling of the unconscious only. In the case of Ingersoll, it had been allowed to manifest itself unrestrained so long in the objective, that the conscious mind had become perverted into a devilish machine of torture, which, with the continuous regression of the

unconscious, required after the auto-suggestion of each disaster, another more cumulatively appalling to satisfy the ferocious craving of that peculiarly disordered mind.

In all the misty regions of the imagination can there be found a case more strange and incomprehensible, or can there be found one more barbarously unaccountable?

It was at a late hour on a stormy winter night, that a woman who had been run down by an automobile and badly cut up, had been rushed to the hospital. Dr. Tull, chief surgeon, was already in attendance with his favorite nurse when the victim was brought in. A single glance at the quivering body apprised him that the chance for the recovery of the victim could be defined by the ratio of one to one thousand. Dr. Tull knew that oftentimes his examination of patients was nothing more than experimentation. Were he to attempt to give the case before him a full examination life would be extinct before he finished. Ingersoll's uncanny knowledge saved minutes of time when minutes meant life. For one hesitating second Dr. Tull watched the patient, and then suddenly, and with decision, pressed a button.

The nurse clasped her hands involuntarily as she saw the surgeon press the button that would call Ingersoll from his office to the operating room. Dr. Tull cast her a kindly glance as he noted the deprecating gesture.

"I know this is going to be hard on you, Miss LaVerne," he said gently, "but Dr. Ingersoll has special discerning powers in these accident cases, though I don't see how or where he gets them."

The nurse shook her head slowly, her eyes on the door. "He is a horrible man, Dr. Tull," she whispered fearfully. "He is so cruel, so harsh and inconsiderate. Oh I wish that you could get someone else to take his place."

"So do I," said Dr. Tull gloomily, "but I hate to admit that it would be virtually impossible. That fellow's opinion is worth more than the combined opinions of all the other surgeons in all the other hospitals in this state, myself unexcepted.

"I always know how to proceed once I have diagnosed the case. The world calls me a good surgeon for that reason. But with Ingersoll it is different. His mind, cruel as it is, grasps situations with the rapidity of chain lightning. He always knows minutes in advance. The time it takes him to walk from that door to this table, he knows just what chance the patient has, and just what to do to give him that chance. It would take half an hour for me to conduct this examination, for it involves some experimentation. Ingersoll will know in a minute. I would give a million if I knew how he did it.

"It is not easy for me to admit this superiority in such a man, believe me, Miss LaVerne.

I could not admit it only to one whom I knew to be the direct antithesis of Ingersoll. You must try to overlook his Edward Hyde peculiarities, and remember only that his genius is saving lives."

"That terrible man is not a better surgeon than you are, Dr. Tull," protested the nurse, touching Dr. Tull's sleeve with quick sympathy. "You know it isn't true."

"But he has the uncanny gift of knowing what to do without wasting time hunting for the trouble. You know the value of half an hour when quick action is necessary. You know the value of a half-minute. That is God's gift to Ingersoll. I wonder why he could not have given it to me, too."

"God's gift to such a devil," protested the girl. "God's gift to a man who refuses to acknowledge Him, who sneers and scoffs at sacred things! I can imagine nothing so absolutely ridiculous and unjust." The girl's lips trembled with indignation.

Dr. Tull did not answer, for the door opened at that juncture, and Dr. Ingersoll stepped into the room. For a moment Ingersoll stood still within the closed door, the dark eyes that could change from daylight to darkness in a second were shining with an ominous joy, the marble lips were slightly drawn in a half-smile; and then he stepped noiselessly forward.

The girl turned her head abruptly to avoid sight of the smiling, handsome face of the

man she had grown to hate. The movement had not been lost on the young surgeon.

"Good evening," he said in the soft, courteous tones that were habitual with him. "The invitation to the party comes just in time. Just think, I might have missed all this. I thank you with all my heart, but it was not necessary to put off the festivities against my arrival. Oh, I don't deserve this, kind friends, I don't deserve it." Dr. Tull makes a delightful host, while you darling Nellie are the quintessence of hospitality. May I smoke?"

The young surgeon's smile cut into the soul of the girl like a knife-thrust. She closed her eyes tight. Ingersoll chuckled softly, and glanced at Dr. Tull who was seemingly engrossed with the examination of the body on the table, and then he caught the girl's hand and drew her reluctantly nearer the table.

"Don't, Dr. Ingersoll," gasped the girl tremulously. "I beg of you not to do it all over again." The hand that held hers tightened. "Think, think, Dr. Ingersoll," cried the girl, "this is the third time for today. Oh please, can't you forget just this once?"

"Life is a trivial thing, isn't it, Nellie? And a funny thing, too. There is but one thing that is more trivial and funnier, and that is—death. But my bluntness bores you on this occasion when the God of gloom should be dissipated, and we friends should all be united in feasting and song.

"When Hesperus winked at me this evening, I knew that a female bird of some description would be served here tonight, but I had no idea that there would be so little left of the bird that it would take but one word to describe it."

The horrified girl glanced appealingly at Dr. Tull, and placed her free hand on the edge of the table to keep her trembling form from falling to the floor.

"Automobile hit this woman," said Dr. Tull, trying to stem the younger man's virulent flow.

Ingersoll laughed humorously, his contemptuous eyes searching those of the elder surgeon. "It is too bad," he said in reproachful tones, "that a state hospital has to retain the services of a corps of surgeons and trained nurses to dilly-dally with a dead woman, who, as you so ably put it, had no more brains than to step in front of an automobile, which brings us to the point: the female of the species is dumber than the male.

"I trust I have not incurred your displeasure, Nellie," he went on, his eyes trying to peer into the closed ones of the girl. "I am willing to assume the position of host and carve this rather bloody pictorial review of His Image. It is really in Dr. Tull's place, being the host, but Dr. Tull is a queer duck, and naturally has a rather queer conception of the proprieties."

"You—beast," choked the girl. "You abominable beast."

"Nellie," Ingersoll cried reprovingly, "your drollery is very much out of place, but what more could be expected of one who ever attended Western."

"Dr. Tull," he went on softly, "I think this is the third time today you have asked me to hold your head while you looked into the face of a dead one. Now the duties of my office concern only the living, and not the dead. If you persist in asking my attendance on these dead matters, I must insist on being elected coroner. In that, Nellie dear, I am sure you will bear me out."

Dr. Tull turned away from the table, and walked hastily across the room. The nurse tugged weakly at the hand which Ingersoll still held imprisoned.

"Good Heavens! Dr. Ingersoll," she cried, "do you know what you have been saying?"

"Yes, dear," said Ingersoll in soothing tones. "I know perfectly."

"How would you feel if this woman were someone you loved?" asked the girl.

"But it isn't, dear," smiled Ingersoll.

"Just suppose this were Evalyn," begged the nurse.

"But it isn't," Ingersoll smiled again, but his eyes had grown suddenly hard. "One thing more," he said coldly, "If they want me to work on dead ones, I shall move over

to the morgue. I believe I should enjoy it immensely."

The nurse tore her hand from Ingersoll's clasp and rushed sobbing from the room. The young surgeon stood staring at the door through which the girl had disappeared, a look of amusement in his eyes, and then he walked nonchalantly in the direction taken by the girl. Dr. Tull called to him as he was opening the door.

"I would like a word with you before you go, please."

"Any number," smiled the younger surgeon, walking back toward the center of the room.

Dr. Tull regarded him thoughtfully. The young surgeon had not so much as favored the victim of the accident with a glance, yet he had pronounced her dead much after the same manner a butcher would have spoken of a beef he had just knocked in the head with an ax.

"Dr. Ingersoll," he asked, seriously, "are you acquainted with the *law of reversed effort*?"

The younger surgeon checked a smile. "Well enough to know better than to mistake the last single twitching of a severed nerve for a sign of life."

Dr. Tull held up a gentle hand in protest. "You never even examined the corpse, Ingersoll," he accused.

Ingersoll laughed harshly, his eyes reverting to attendants who were even then removing

the body of the dead woman. "Then in what way does your precious law of reversed effort pertain to me? I name her condition without complying with the usual formality of an examination. You waste time calling in an assistant to gaze with you on a dead one, and keep a capable nurse off a regular job. Our verdicts have been the same. To whom, then, does this idiotic law of yours apply?"

"You know what I mean, Dr. Ingersoll," the elder surgeon answered softly. "You very well know that I refer to your violent expressions of cognition in moments like those just past."

"There might be a connection between these alleged violent expressions of cognition, and your absurd law, but it is so infinitesimal, like your rare intelligence, that I cannot see it."

"It is simply this," went on Dr. Tull, speaking slowly, "your barbarous and violent frame of mind is recorded faithfully on the waves of ether, and is communicated by these waves to the subconscious mind of the patient. For this reason, no matter how sound you might make his body, you will do a thousandfold more damage to the mind of the patient by making your violent frame of mind his own through suggestion."

"Poppycock," scoffed Ingersoll.

"It is true, Brent, whether you believe it or not. When a patient of ours lies unconscious, he is unconscious in his thinking mind, only.

His greater mind, his subconsciousness, his soul, is still alive to everything that is said and done, and every word that is uttered will be recorded indelibly on the pages of that mind, to work out the destiny of the body housing it if the patient recovers."

"And to send it to hell if it dies," laughed Ingersoll.

"I can't understand you, Brent. Don't you realize how malicious, cruel and inhuman you are?"

"Inhuman?" Ingersoll raised his eyebrows interrogatively. "You mean that I am not sympathetic, which of course I am not. Sympathy is an emotion, and I do not consider emotion as essential to life."

"Ah, Ingersoll, you err there," said the elder surgeon earnestly. "I shall prove it to you. Emotion is a mental process. Every person who is capable of exercising thought—who does exercise thought—must experience emotion. The mental processes are known as perception, feeling, desire, imagination, and emotion."

"Especially imagination," grinned Ingersoll, "and I am afraid that yours is working overtime."

"No, Brent," said the older man bitterly, "it is not my imagination that tells me your mind is worse than that of a heathen. It takes no imagination to guess that your mind is as insanely cruel as your every word."

"Sounds like a chapter from Dun and Bradstreet," laughed Ingersoll.

"This is no laughing matter, if you only knew it, Dr. Ingersoll. You are the worst of heathens."

"And why should I not be?" smiled the young surgeon. "My most admirable prototype (may his bones rest in peace) lived a life of fulsome promise as a heathen."

"You mean Robert Ingersoll, the infidel?" queried Dr. Tull. Ingersoll nodded assent. "I don't think that even he was lacking in the finer sensibilities."

"Thanks," laughed Ingersoll.

"Be serious, Brent. I am trying so hard to shake your real self. Realization is the greatest cure in the world. If I can only get you to see that you, with all your superb intelligence, are not getting one ten-millionth part out of life, we shall have reached a starting point. If I can get you to see that sympathy is the gift of God to every normal human being, and that you, in some way have not received this gift, it will mean a lot, Ingersoll. It will mean a lot. You do know that you have not this wonderful gift of sympathy. Don't you?"

"That is a thought process so elementary, that it never took up space in my mind."

"Think, Ingersoll," Dr. Tull cried hoarsely. "There must be a lot of good in you, else the Creator would never have vested you with your uncanny powers. Are you going to

throttle all this good in you, and allow the worst in you to drag it down—down—”

“You have said so often within the last few moments that there was a preponderance of evil over good in my system that I am quite willing to accept it as an universally recognized truth,” laughed Ingersoll. “My state of mind could never conceivably be anything but alarming from your own able analysis.”

“I can not believe that it is your conscious desire to hurt anyone,” said Dr. Tull, wearily. “Such a condition of the mental process is unnatural—abnormal. Believe me, you are violating a great natural law when you go contrary to the dictates of the Omnipotent Conscience. Your intelligence tells you what happens when a law is violated. The rule is set for us to follow. If we deviate the smallest iota from the path prescribed by the rule, we must pay.”

“There is no law nor rule but what the little exception somewhere in the world will set it aside,” sneered Ingersoll.

“Have you ever heard of an apple falling up into the sky instead of down to the ground once it was released from the tree?” asked the elder surgeon. “Can you find the exception in the world that will set aside the *rule* of Gravitation?”

“And yet street cars go up hill, and men motor into the air,” broke in Ingersoll.

“Get up on a thirty-story building once,” continued Dr. Tull, ignoring the interruption,

"and say, 'to the devil with Law of Gravitation,' and then step off. See for yourself how easy it would be to set aside a law. No law will admit of a violation, or it ceases to be law. Sometime or other, you have broken a law of nature, Ingersoll. Every day here you continue to break it, consciously. Your every action and word go contrary to a great law. It can't be done; pay for it you must. That is also written in the law."

"If you are trying to make me a candidate for the Ancient Order of Anxiety Phobias, I must say ye nay," returned Ingersoll ironically. "While I admit the ingeniousness of your theory, yet, I must call attention to the fact that I am of a practical, not emotional turn of mind. I wish to thank you for your uncommonly fine mental picture of my nervous system. Maybe I'll have it enlarged. If you have nothing else of scandal to discuss with me, I'll trot on back to my office."

"No, I have not done with you yet," cried Dr. Tull hoarsely. "This time you are going to hear me through, if I have to choke you into listening to me."

"Pray proceed with your double-distilled essence of ambrosia," said Ingersoll airily, but he glanced narrowly at the hard set jaw of the elder surgeon as he spoke.

"It is no fault of the Omnipotent Mind," began Dr. Tull, holding Ingersoll's eyes with his own, "if an integral part of that mind somewhere in the universe is disposed to deny

the potency of the Supreme Subconsciousness. Ah, you smile, Ingersoll, but in spite of your smile, the pulsation of your intellect, the throbbing of your intelligence machine tells you even more plainly than words can ever do, that somewhere in the operation (not the conception) of your subconsciousness, there is something which keeps from you the vision.

"What it is, I can not attempt to say. It might be fatuity, though I attribute nothing to fate, accident, nor chance. The realm of the subconsciousness extends throughout infinity. It is not to be contained within the meagre confines of the spurious civilization-dominated world. This vast and mystic realm of Infinity is like an illimitable cathedral, and through its inconceivable arch of centuries, swings forever the huge pendulum of the subconsciousness, ponderously striking off the years with a never-failing surety, transforming with each huge, embracing swing, thousands of souls into the sublime consciousness of a vaster world.

"Each component part of this vast mind was started right in the beginning. If an individual mind deviated from the subconscious orbit, and became lost to Infinity, it was not the fault of the Omnipotent Mind; rather it was the result of the disregarding of a natural law, and before the individual mind can be reclaimed to that point where it may assume once more its rightful heritage, the mistakes of the individual mind must be corrected, and

the law closely observed, lest a recurrence propel it more forcibly than before from the subconscious orbit."

"Hungarian mythology," grinned Ingersoll, hugely amused.

"The Law of Reversed Effort," went on Dr. Tull, "applies to no class more particularly than it does to the educated fool; to the wretched and besotted fool who knows nothing but boorish abuse; whose mind is clownishly insensible to the joy of living and letting live. It applies to cowardly, dastardly minds, vicious minds, abnormal and weak minds."

"My, my," grimaced Ingersoll, "a very consolatory perspective indeed. Very consoling. And you are allowing me to take my choice of this very delectable array of 'isms'?"

"You, and you only, know what you have chosen, Ingersoll. If you have chosen the thought that means death, then may death be yours."

Ingersoll shrugged his shoulders in angry impatience. "And like the other ghosts, fictive creatures of the imagination, the thought shall vanish into thin air. What care I for this alleged subconsciousness? In my young life it is a meaningless thing, with no more power than a bursting bubble on a river."

"But you do believe in a mental realm, Ingersoll?"

"Oh, well, yes. In a manner of speaking, I do. I believe in it as a realm having to do with the conscious direction of all our actions;

but for me to believe that a still greater mind holds dominion over what you are disposed to call 'the thinking mind' is rubbish, plain rubbish. When I hear a cherry seed demanding to be returned to the pome from which it had been squeezed, I shall believe in your subconsciousness. Better still, I shall believe it only when I see the marble fingers of the statue out there writing as do other more intelligently directed fingers." He laughed harshly. "If this power exists, it will not be hard for those marble fingers to unfold long enough to win your bet. Why, no doubt they could even make their mark in blood on my neck, say. The Twentieth Century handwriting on the wall, ha, ha. That is a fair test, Dr. Tull. I shall accept your Divine Subconscious Comedy when I see the writing of marble fingers, and not before."

"You joke on a serious thing, Ingersoll. The soul that was given you by the Creator was not meant to bear the brunt of prattling puerilities."

"I have as good a right to challenge the truth of your statements as you have to challenge mine," returned the younger surgeon. "And a by far greater chance to win the argument, and let your subconscious Divinity sitting alone at the church. In any argument whatever, the truth is what we are trying to approach, and to approach the truth we must have proof. Proof is the keynote. Get me proof of this greater consciousness you say

exists, and I shall stand convicted. But I warn you that I shall penetrate the flimsy veil of equivocation. I resent that. Don't try it."

"The subconscious mind is the supreme court of all the mental realm," said Dr. Tull earnestly. "It is in this court that the 'Law of Reversed Effort' works out the destruction of the mind and body. Destruction can be circumvented in one way only. The only agent which can react against the evil of this law, is the will power. If the law has allowed all vicious upheavings of imprisoned passions to manifest themselves in the conscious acts of the individual, the will power is at low ebb indeed."

"Your channels of expression are variously ramified and delicately minute, Dr. Tull, but hardly convincing."

"The will power," went on the elder surgeon, "is strong or weak proportionately to the possessor's standard of morals, his five senses, his imagination and memory, his *reason*. If there is lack of harmony between the will power and the faculties, the entire being is pulled down because of the difference in the ethereal atmosphere created, and when the ether waves meet crest to trough, they neutralize, and the result is *nothing*; thus, the Law of Reversed Effort."

"Meticulously explicit," laughed Ingersoll. "I marvel in rapt wonder while you negotiate

the labrythian paths, and fragile junketings of the subconsciousness."

"Its powers are fathomless," went on Dr. Tull. "It takes possession of the unconscious self to work its devilish virulence upon every mind in the universe. It is insidious; it takes possession of the mind while the body is in repose, and the symptom that proclaims that it is deep-rooted within the soul, is that tendency to utter explosive or mavorlent expressions at a time when such expressions should be deemed criminal. The formidable barrier of counterbalancing power denies the victim thus afflicted the human regard and consideration, the rightful and necessary heritage of all rational minds.

"In you, Ingersoll, the Law of Reversed Effort has been allowed freedom unrestrained. Because of your failure to battle against it, you are the exemplification of all that is savage in man. Your every conscious word is one of vilification and offense. Your every act is sensual, cruel, unscrupulous. While your intelligence might be unrivaled, your hellish viciousness can not be matched. You have regressed far below the savage level."

Ingersoll's first look of tolerant amusement had given way to dumfounded amazement, which in its turn was swiftly replaced by insane anger. He opened his lips to speak, his eyes glittering. Dr. Tull silenced him with a gesture.

"There can be no delicacy of thought and speech when the hideous deformities of a diseased subconsciousness have been communicated to the thinking mind," continued Dr. Tull. "The serpentine qualities of your thought precludes any possibility of gentle reasoning. A vicious serpent will not be subdued by padded weapons; only a very decided knock on the head will render it powerless, and reduce its poisonous strength. Your mind, not to be persuaded by any appeal, is like the deadly poison of the snake; it seeks to instill itself within every brain cell of the universe.

"Your mind is bound in hopeless servitude to this practice which has been inculcated into your subconsciousness through every conscious act and word. You are a rank neurotic, as insane as the worst inmate of any lunatic asylum. Your mind has made for you the first and last word of mental opprobrium. It is saturated with this damnable, mad-dog, viciousness that started with the disease of a family neurone in the stoneage, and was brought to fruition only through the sight of some bloody disaster."

"Dr. Tull," began Ingersoll ominously, his eyes blazing with fury, "There is a certain limit to my endurance. I warn you not to go beyond it."

Dr. Tull held up his head peremptorily. His own eyes were shining. "Silence!" he thundered. "You have transgressed the limit

of endurance long enough. That is the climax to all your measureless absurdities; the last flat denial of the scruple of conscience. How dare you even mention such a thing as the limit of endurance?"

"I dare sir, simply because I dare," replied Ingersoll. "I am finding it a trifle difficult to keep my weak intellectual bark afloat on your upheaving ocean of eloquence. That you do not believe in the—er—restraint of speech, I seem to stand convicted. Into the misty thought processes of other than self-effacement which you seem to delight in employing, I am directing the searchlight of truth trying vainly to make myself conversant with your profound reasoning. After examining the jostling flotsam which you are disposed to call facts, I regret to say that your philosophy still impresses me as jargon. If it was your wish to convince me that a wreck is imminent in my nervous system, you have made your point, Dr. Tull. You were right about the limit of endurance. I should not have mentioned it, although I had no idea I could stand as much as I have this day. You have accomplished a great deal toward rectifying my soul, and I wish you all the thanks you deserve."

He folded his hands, and looked piously toward the ceiling. Dr. Tull watched him with puzzled eyes.

"To apprise you of your mental condition was all I sought, Ingersoll," he said softly. "Any *sensible* man who knows his condition

can correct it if he will. That is the reason I am taking such pains to point out yours." Ingersoll bowed. "But I am putting all my forlorn hope on the unsupported subjunctive proposition, *if he is a sensible man*," continued the elder surgeon noting the bow. "There is so much more than you imagine dependent on an answer in the affirmative. The whole fabric of the syllogism depends upon this unsupported premise: *Is he a sensible man?* Answer me if you dare."

Ingersoll shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Very feeble," he began sardonically, "Very feeble." Dr. Tull held up his hand.

"Wait, Brent. Can't you see it at all? Won't your intelligence tell you what you are doing to yourself? Take appraisal of your inner self once. Try to reflect upon the possible consequences if you allow yourself to go on. Admit it all, Ingersoll. That is the first—the most vital step. The rest will be easy."

"If what you say is logic, it is totally incomprehensible to me," laughed Ingersoll. "I shall petition Demeter to award you a garland of columbine as a just reward for your melancholy cooing. I had no idea that you could juggle the English language so tremendously, won't you please go on?"

"You mean that you refuse to be impressed with what I have been saying?" demanded Dr. Tull.

"And did you expect me to be impressed with anything so facile and superficial? While I appreciate the nobility of your purpose in painting my life's pages so desolately, it grieves me to tell you that your classical oburgation has gone the way of the allegorical snowball."

"You refuse to admit any knowledge of your condition?" asked the elder surgeon slowly. "You mean to say that you have no recollection of how you carry on while you are waiting on a patient?"

"I admit nothing. I deny nothing," answered the younger man recklessly. "And what is more, I care less."

"I am not to be fooled, Ingersoll," returned Dr. Tull, pointing a steady finger toward his companion. I know that you know that you know that your greatest delight is the witnessing of grief and distress. You won't even admit it. You know it, and you know that I know that you know it. Now tell me, when you joke so infamously about the victim of some disaster, is it because you really find it humorous? Your barbarous wit seems to be allowed free rein, especially when one of the opposite sex lies helpless and bloody before you. Do you really find it humorous?"

"I can think of nothing so funny as a woman so butchered up that, even while she still lives, she has completely lost the use of her tongue," answered Ingersoll brutally.

"But for something to be humorous it must be illogical," pursued Dr. Tull earnestly.

"And what could be more illogical than a woman being alive and not talking?" Ingersoll laughed.

"I can not but help wondering what Evalyn would say could she hear you now," mused Dr. Tull.

"You can help a lot by kindly allowing Evalyn to remain out of this discussion," Ingersoll returned coldly.

"I am loath to believe you, Ingersoll, though it is virtually the admission I was seeking."

"Which should prove very gratifying to Dr. Tull," grinned Ingersoll, the lids half closing over his mocking eyes.

"I do not doubt but that you find a species of humor in tragic situations," said Dr. Tull. "I cannot conceive of anything more horrible or perplexing. But one thing you have overlooked, and your intelligence tells you I am right whether or not you admit it. Your intelligence tells you that it is not because these dreadful accidents are so illogical as to appear humorous. It is because it elevates the beast in you to a position of greater comparative importance."

"Has it really come to that?" gasped Ingersoll, his eyes shooting fire.

"And for that reason," continued Dr. Tull, "in order to appease the dominant beast in you, you must get your pleasure by giving

pain. Not only your subconsciousness, but your consciousness as well is vicious, primitive and uncultured."

"Thanks," said Ingersoll dryly.

"I can overlook this atavistic trait in the subconsciousness," continued the elder surgeon. "Every man has it to a certain degree, but once it manifests itself in the thinking mind, it is high time steps were being taken to rid society of such a menace. That is the mind of the criminal, the murderer, of the worst enemy of society.

"With science as your major premise, you have sought to deny the divinity of the Christ who gave His all that worthless scoffers like you might live. I have introduced science into my discussion with you. Science is no more than an outcropping of the omniscient subconsciousness. By this science I have proved that you are insane. What are you going to do with it; make a special case, so that we can continue calling you a surgeon instead of a savage butcher?"

"Bravo," laughed Ingersoll mirthlessly. "I am dumb with admiration; struck dumb by your amazingly, microscopic analysis of my character.

"Your mind is subconscious, er—scientific, Dr. Tull, fully conversant with all those misty terms of which we know absolutely nothing—of those intangible somethings existing only in the mysterious and invincible darkness of the alleged subconscious mind. And thus

we come to one of the filmy children of that unexplored region, the neurosis.

"I regret that I have not been endowed with any psychic powers, and can not hope to understand a thing which can neither be seen, heard, nor analyzed. You, my gifted friend, have been so favored by the omniscient mind, and with you, consequently, rests the final word concerning the point of my neurosis. I know absolutely nothing about the term. How can I hope to argue with one who evidently knows all about it?" (bowing low before Dr. Tull).

"And now that I have conceded the one point of my neurosis, admitted the justness of your manifestly harsh and barbarous accusations based on the premise of science, I must follow in the course which you yourself have outlined for me, and disregard the as usual as formless requirements of courtesy (just as you have) in demanding that you prove by science the existence of this major domo of the subconscious realm, the Nazarenic wonder who hangs like Prometheus to the cross out there awaiting the coming of some modern Hercules like yourself, to cut loose the binding thongs when some more generous Chiron refuses to die. I pause to breathe."

"Stay, Ingersoll," cried Dr. Tull. "You are mad."

"So you are fearful of what the bald facts will do to the frolicsome, fanciful emperor of the nether world?" sneered Ingersoll. "You

are fearful lest the cold wind of science smother your imaginative lights and put out forever this fictional, subconscious tableau."

Dr. Tull's lips were white, but his eyes did not falter. Ingersoll laughed in glee.

"You have spent many minutes here regaling me with the history of my nervous system," he said finally. "Your grandiose speech in the realm of science almost confounded me. It is natural that I should not grasp all that you have said. That I am accepting it all as gospel simply because you have said it is much in your favor; and I am accepting it as said even though it paints my character blacker than sheol.

"My condition as you have explained it comes under what is known as the psychic realm. Is that so?"

Dr. Tull nodded. "The explanation of the condition comes under that realm."

"And in the realm of the psychic," pursued Ingersoll, "there is no such thing as accident or chance. There is a cause for everything, and for every cause there is a definite effect?"

Dr. Tull nodded again, wondering. "What seems an accidental or unexpected happening," he explained, "is not so in reality. God himself would be an accident were such a thing true. It is, however, a manifestation of the unconscious without the realization that it is a logical reaction to some positive force making them appear detached and causeless."

"Very clear," grinned Ingersoll. "That is sufficient testimony to convict me of neurosis. I plead guilty. And now I would like to take you with me yet a little further into the depths of science just for the purpose of ascertaining what your 'cause and effect' will do to the substance of this thorn-crowned impostor to whom you look so doggishly. I am going to prove to you that he is non-existent; that he is quite without the scientific calculus of possibility; that he is a character so fictional as to be a strain on the—Limit of Endurance."

A look akin to fear flashed into the eyes of the elder surgeon. "Good Heavens, Brent," he whispered.

"A child of the imagination only," went on Ingersoll. "A myth conjured up by the diseased fancy of the centuries, having neither analysis nor synthesis. I shall prove to you that this intangible Biblical ghost is as absurd and illogical, cold and formless, as that ancient marble statue standing directly without that door."

"You shall not, Ingersoll," protested Dr. Tull, his face ashen. "It is only the ignorant who seeks a variance between science and religion. Do you think the Lord will forgive the affront?"

"The Lord!" Ingersoll laughed harshly. "The Lord! Who is this high ethereal potentate whom you so servilely call 'Lord?' Have you ever seen the gent? Have you ever seen anyone who has? Can you point out one

instance where this monstrosity of your subconsciousness, this Olympian impostor, has ever heard your wailing screeches to Heaven? How can marble ears hear? Marble brains. I have yet to see the writing of marble fingers; despite my challenge, there is no mark of the marble fingers on my chin. With all this knowledge you are content to get down on your knees and repeat the farrago of begging of, and paying homage to something that is no more substantial than a mist over the river."

"Ingersoll," gasped Dr. Tull, through trembling lips, "prayer is—"

"Prayer," interrupted the younger surgeon venomously, "is the monumental insult to a man of education. It is a cultural whitewash that hides all the world's deformities beneath its thin veneer."

"Stop, Ingersoll," Dr. Tull almost shrieked, "May your God permit your subconsciousness to remain clean of the horror of your objective mind."

"And when all other medicines prove ineffectual," scoffed Ingersoll, "a thick layer of prayer-poultice will draw out the swelling, leaving my alleged soul whiter than snow—yea, whiter than snow."

"Brent, won't you think just for one moment? Think what this means to Evalyn, the little girl you say you love, to be everlastingly bound to a malicious temperament, to a man who viciously attacks all the beautiful ideals

making up her life. Think what this means in the life of a gentle girl."

"Enough, old man," cut in Ingersoll harshly. "While I appreciate this beautiful ebullition of paternal affection, I would have you understand that Miss Nartone and I are fully capable of handling our own love affairs. She is fully cognizant that I am not in sympathy with the old feudal religion. Much as I appreciate the altruistic spirit with which you are meddling in my affairs, I must insist upon no further demonstration of your affection if it is your wish to preserve our friendship intact."

A bright red flush suffused the face of the veteran surgeon. His sad eyes regarded Ingersoll with hopeless stare.

"I give up," he finally whispered tremulously. "I had dared to hope that an appeal to your reason would make you willing to see things, and restrain somewhat your irreverence in the sacred presence of death; would suppress your sacrilegious utterances. You will never know how sorry I am that I have failed."

Ingersoll watched the older man in icy indifference. A triumphant smile creased his hard lips. "It was a most egregious assumption that led you to believe that success would be yours," he laughed. "Admirable technician though you are, with illimitable resources of burnished rhetoric at your command, you have not been able to force upon

me the huge fallacy which you are so nobly cherishing in your bosom. You have failed, my hysterical and abstruse friend. Your epigrammatic and arresting roar is to be heard no longer, now that reason has been admitted to the discourse.

"The subconscious delusions and phantasmagoria have fled before the dawn of reason, and in the foreground is to be seen nothing but Dr. Tull still clinging to the amiable illusion, seeking to relieve himself of the prickly crown of failure."

"The time is coming, Ingersoll," Dr. Tull spoke in gravely prophetic tones, "when you will remember, and regret, every word you have spoken here today.

"Your subconsciousness has heard my appeal, and is even now acting upon the suggestion. Something is going to happen to you. I don't know what, but I know it is going to happen as well as I know my own name.

"It will take a great shock to bring about the stage of realization so necessary to your well-being. The time is near, Brent, when you will remember all about marble ears, and marble eyes, and *Marble Fingers*. The time is near, and mark my words—"

Ingersoll had not heard the last of the elder surgeon's speech. He had stepped impatiently into the corridor, and was halfway to his office before Dr. Tull realized that he was talking to himself. He heaved a great sigh

and brushed his eyes violently with the back of his hand.

Ingersoll did not immediately switch on the light in the tiny office, but walked to the window, and stood frowning into the darkness without. For many minutes he stood there, trying vainly to control the helpless anger that simmered within him; trying to forget easily as he had hundreds of times before when he had come off victor in a hot and virulent skirmish. It was vain. His thoughts grew blacker than the night itself. He shrugged his shoulders in angry self-contempt. The last measured words of Dr. Tull had angered him beyond reason: " 'Something is going to happen to you,' " he quoted the old surgeon's words. " '*You will remember marble fingers—*' well, let it happen, and see who cares. And marble fingers, ha, ha," he laughed harshly, "but they won't write, not marble fingers." He laughed again. "I dare say my alleged subconsciousness will be able to take care of any and all changes despite the rhythmical torrent of that old fossil's abysmal prophecies."

Ingersoll realized suddenly that it was snowing; he could hear the heavy flakes striking softly against the windowpane.

The gentle tinkle of a bell from the small clock on the mantel informed him that it was quarter of eleven. He laughed harshly, his burning face pressed close to the cold glass. He was about to turn away from the window

when the bright glare from the headlights of an automobile driven at breakneck speed arrested his attention. He knew intuitively that the speeding machine was a police ambulance, and that it was being driven like the wind. His frosty eyes watched the lights dash up to the door below.

This was a daily occurrence in Olympus, and was not one calculated to produce undue excitement, but any surgeon other than Ingersoll would have been humanly interested. Not so Ingersoll.

"Some brainless female got off the car backward, I guess," he laughed.

Shortly afterwards he heard swift-footed attendants passing through the hall. He recognized the peculiar leather-like squeak of the "dead wagon," as he always called it, pass his door enroute for the operating room, and knew that tragedy was its only passenger. That significant squeak of the "dead wagon" had always been music to Ingersoll's ears. He looked toward the door in the darkness, an exultant smile hovered about his lips.

"I hope you enjoy the ride, sister," he laughed aloud. "Well, every dumb dodo has his day. If today is yours, that's your tough luck, not mine."

He chuckled as he dropped down before his desk and switched on the light. His hard eyes softened momentarily as they rested on the photo of a beautiful, titan-haired girl, standing on the desk.

He drew the picture toward him slowly, and smiled in response to the wistful charm of the wide, questioning eyes. Evalyn Nartone was the only thing on earth that Brent Ingersoll's cynical soul considered in his scheme of things. His love for her was as great as his hatred for everything else.

The sudden whirr of the buzzer, Dr. Tull's signal for his presence in the operating room, caused him to lay down the picture, and rise impatiently to his feet. His tender moment had gone.

"In a surgeon's life there are no weary platitudes," he laughed, the hard glint flashing back into his eyes. "Doleful Dr. Tull insists upon my accepting the onerous position of coroner. And why shouldn't I? This place is more a morgue than a hospital."

The buzzer sounded again, loud, ominously, commanding, as Ingersoll was stepping into the corridor. He smiled from beneath the shroud of his icy indifference.

"It would be lamentable if I should not be on hand to see the last kick," he said, as he made his way leisurely down the hall.

Directly without the door of the operating room, he stopped for a moment to gaze with sardonic humor upon the statue of the Son of Man.

"I am sending some of your precious subconsciousness hustling up toward the pearly gates," he said. "I thought I'd better tell you so that Gabriel could meet her with his

horse. They say that walking is bad up there since the gold bricks are coming loose in the pavement."

He bowed his head in mock humility and opened the door of the operating room. Even as he set his foot on the threshold, there came an ear-splitting detonation on the air that roared throughout the entire length of the building, and shook the atmosphere terrifically. It seemed to Ingersoll as though a bolt of lightning had streaked suddenly through the room, and ended with a burst of thunder directly within his eardrums.

He staggered forward a few feet, wondering in stupefied surprise what and where the explosion could be. He observed that nothing in the room had been disturbed by the blast, which he thought had been violent enough to wreck the entire city.

His gaze swung forward to the table where stood Dr. Tull, and Miss LaVerne busily engrossed with the examination of the patient who lay outstretched on the board. Neither the nurse nor the surgeon seemed to have been disturbed by the noise.

Ingersoll stepped forward slowly, perplexity and anger possessed him alternately.

"If this is one of Dr. Tull's auto-suggestive experiments," he thought grimly, "he is going to find himself caught in the traffic."

When yet some distance from the table, he was struck by the death-like pallor of the old surgeon's face. Never before had he seen

such a look of unutterable grief and despair; in every line of the strained face bending over the still form on the table he read nothing but horror and fear. The face of the nurse he could not see, but his hard eyes had no difficulty in interpreting from the rigid position of her body, and the poise of her head, the black agony of despair that must be in her heart. The sight of the grief of Dr. Tull and the nurse flooded Ingersoll with a satisfied sense of completeness. He stepped forward buoyantly, his eyes lighted by a steely smile.

"You will forgive me this unceremonious intrusion, Dr. Tull," he said softly. "But the fact is, I just *blowed* in, possibly you heard the noise. But I bring with me, as do all the other allegorical storms, an infinite peace to brood around the place."

The nurse did not turn to look at him, but Ingersoll caught the look of sad inquiry and pity that seemed to dwell in her gaze.

Dr. Tull had not yet looked at Ingersoll, but stood like a graven image, staring at the body on the table. The younger surgeon watched him in amused impatience.

"What genus of bloody feminine frailty are you going to regale me with today, Dr. Tull?" he asked. "Or maybe you are giving me a male of the species for a change."

Dr. Tull turned his head slowly and looked at Ingersoll. The younger surgeon was surprised at the look of fierce and triumphant hatred that burned in the elder man's usually

sombre eyes. For a long minute, Dr. Tull's eyes burned into Ingersoll's, then he pointed toward the still form on the table.

"It is a girl. She will never speak again; she will never more be conscious."

Ingersoll pursed his lips in a noiseless whistle. "You don't say so!" he ejaculated in simulated astonishment. "A woman, still alive, and not talking? Amazing phenomenon. What, oh what is this world coming to?"

Dr. Tull's eyes, blazing like flames leaping through the open door of a furnace, again sought Ingersoll's.

"Look, slave of malice," he cried, his finger outstretched toward the silent form on the table. "Look, and laugh with your black conscience. Laugh if you dare."

"Yes, laugh," snarled Ingersoll, his voice cutting like a steel whip. "Why should I not laugh at the unshriven churchyard crawler which your sick imagination calls Divine Subconsciousness?"

"Conscience, you say, and black conscience. It is to laugh. If I ever had a conscience, it is as you say, black as a lampless sea, lost in the raging vicissitudes of life or—death.

"But there is a reason, oh Sir Tristram of the subconsciousness. Being young, my imagination will not transport me beyond the misty veil to that so-called haven of refuge of which the vagrant spirit is king. I let such idiocy to those fancy-freaks upon whom the twilight of elderliness has commenced to shine, thus

destroying their usefulness as *surgeons*, or anything else."

A faint sneer creased Dr. Tull's lips as Ingersoll finished the elaborate insult. He pointed toward the table.

"There is no need of your delaying your enjoyment of this delectable sight. I am anxious to see how your bronze-like mentality accepts this situation."

"I chide thee Dr. Tull," laughed the younger man. "Being a psychologist, you will readily understand that anticipation brings a greater thrill than realization. However, your 'on with the dance' spirit touches me deeply."

"'Tis true that realization loses its glamor when the anticipation has been too great," acquiesced Dr. Tull. "I do not think that you are going to find this an exception to that rule."

Ingersoll affected an ironic incredulity.

"You do not think that I am going to find this crushed dainty to my liking?"

"That remains to be demonstrated, Ingersoll. You are expecting too much. When you know what kind of an accident this girl met with, you will naturally expect to be presented with a spectacle proportionately appalling to the seriousness of the disaster, and when you find that the disaster was even more sanguine than the spectacle itself you will be disappointed.

"This woman was the victim of a violent explosion downtown. There wasn't a whole piece of flesh the size of a dollar that was not torn and burned. Besides, an iron beam weighing over a ton struck her on the head.

"All this bloody information leads you to believe that a bloody sight awaits you, which is true enough; but I warn you that the sight will not be nearly so bloody as the accident sounds. Be prepared, therefore, to enjoy yourself through anticipation, because the realization can not possibly prove to be to your liking."

"An explosion, did you say?" asked Ingersoll curiously. "When I entered that door I thought I heard an explosion, and it staggered me too. A weight seemed to strike me violently on the head."

Dr. Tull smiled strangely, his eyes watching Ingersoll. "It might have been conscience or imagination in anyone but you," he said. "The explosion that killed this woman took place two miles from here ten minutes before you were summoned. There has been no noise above a whisper in this room since. Yet, it could not have been your imagination, and you have no conscience."

"It must have been the blowing-out of that family neurone you told me about," grinned Ingersoll.

Dr. Tull watched the younger surgeon as he turned leisurely toward the table where stood the nurse intently studying the watch which

lay open in her left hand. Her right gently grasped the throat of the patient. Ingersoll understood at once. His professional instinct informed him that the arms had been torn off in the explosion, and that the pulse was being taken from the throat. He turned to Dr. Tull.

"Be in a terrible shape if she should wish to scratch her head, wouldn't she, Dock?"

Dr. Tull's gleaming eyes never left Ingersoll's as he lay his hand on the coverlet which had been thrown over the body, and prepared to roll it down.

"Then you still refuse to believe in the potency of the Divine Subconsciousness, the Over-soul, which shapes our ends?" he asked softly.

"Divinity," laughed Ingersoll, "why recall to mind your ancient legendary hero at such a prosaic time as this? Go on," he motioned to the nurse. "You need not hesitate to unveil this bloody Venus De Milo."

"Look, then," cried Dr. Tull as he swiftly pulled off the covering, "and may your realization be all you deserve."

Ingersoll calmly turned his eyes back. He noticed unemotionally that the top of the skull had been literally crushed. To his professional mind it was nothing short of amazing that any human being should receive such a blow and not be instantly killed. The features were so distorted as to be absolutely unrecognizable. It would be hard to associate those

fearful bulging eyes, distended nostrils, and sneering lips with anything human.

Still Ingersoll was unmoved. He half turned toward Dr. Tull, a horrible joke on his lips, when a strand of blond hair at the nape of the skull where the spattering blood had not dyed it red, caught and riveted his attention. He reached out with a sudden swift motion and caught the curl in his hand, and then with the same quick movement, he bent over the rigid form, and studied its features with microscopic attention. For a breathless moment he stood like one paralyzed, and then suddenly he staggered back, and Dr. Tull saw the terrible look of horror and fear that flashed from his eyes.

"Good God," he groaned, his horrified eyes transfixing Dr. Tull with icy stare, "it is Evalyn, little Evalyn—my bride."

His voice died away in a guttural, trembling whisper.

For a moment he stood rigid, his petrified eyes watching in fascination the strand of light hair now swiftly growing crimson as the blood flowed anew, and then he sunk down limply by the side of the still form. Gone was the ironic smile from the cruel lips; gone was the sarcasm from the eyes; gone suddenly was the distorted sense of humor that was his only in the presence of death. All that remained was a horror-stricken, fear-crazed, broken man who knelt there and moved his lips without making a sound.

Dr. Tull keenly regarded the kneeling figure for a long minute. "If you fail to find this situation humorous, Ingersoll, you are at last crossing your Rubicon," he spoke after a while, and the tones of his voice reached the ears of the kneeling man like the indistinct echoes from an antenatal dream.

The broad shoulders of the young surgeon shook convulsively, and a fierce sob hissed like escaping steam between the clenched teeth.

"A terrible loss is yours, Brent, but your soul this day will be the winner. Think what this rebirth means to the soul of this girl, to me, to yourself and the whole world. A shock alone would have discovered you to yourself," went on the old surgeon, "but little did I think it could be—like this."

Ingersoll covered his face with his hands. The tears like pearl drops from a flint, streamed between his fingers and down upon the floor.

"Mysterious are the ways of the Omniscient Mind," continued Dr. Tull. "When I saw who it was they had brought in, I knew that you would be touched. Nothing else could ever have done it."

"The sound of the explosion you heard as you entered this room was the subconscious mind of Evalyn attempting to convey a message to yours. The difference in your ethereal waves made it impossible for you to understand the message even though you received

it. But you are not laughing Ingersoll, even though ordinarily this would afford you the greatest amusement. Some day you will know how much of your salvation you owe to this terrible accident today. Some day you will know."

Ingersoll raised his haggard, misery-filled eyes. "How long will it be?" Dr. Tull barely caught the whispered words.

"She may live a half hour. No longer." The elder surgeon lay his hand on the bowed head. "Go back to your office, Brent," he said kindly. "There is nothing to be done. Evalyn is in the hands of God. I will tap twice on your door when all is over here."

* * *

And thus we find him late that stormy winter night, when a fury of snow swept from a sky that was no blacker than Ingersoll's heart, huddled before the flat-topped desk, awaiting the signal on the door that was to apprise him of the death of the only thing on earth he loved.

With every softly passing footstep in the carpeted corridor without, he seized his throat in both his hands to stifle the terrifying pain that threatened to suffocate him.

"Dead—dead—Evalyn, my wife, dead, and all to punish me," he groaned over and over again.

Oh the terrible irony of fate that visited this horror upon Evalyn and him, and yet, Ingersoll felt with Dr. Tull, that it was not

fate that had brought this awful thing into his life, but destiny itself. Dr. Ingersoll felt that the wrath of the Infinite was forcing its iron hand mercilessly into his soul. He trembled in every limb as the horrible unreality of the situation struck him, and yet, but a few short yards down the hall, Evalyn lay in the last throes of death.

Too late, he realized his willingness to recognize the power of the omnipotent subconscious mind. Too late.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, his ashen lips trembling.

"Was that a tap at my door?" he muttered dully. "Was that the tap—?"

For a long time he stood with bated breath, staring with fearful intent gaze at the oaken panel; and then with lagging steps he approached and opened the door. Nothing but the dull emptiness of the hall greeted him.

From his doorway he could see that a dim light still burned without the door of the operating room. Plainly visible was the huge marble statue before which he had stood with such caustic words on his lips, not over a half hour ago.

Ingersoll staggered back and closed the door as the stony eyes seemed to turn mockingly toward him; seemed to burn with a triumphant malice into his own.

"Those terrible eyes," he whispered.

"Marble eyes," his spirit mocked him.

"Why could God not have punished me?" he groaned bitterly. "Why did He have to pick on that helpless little girl? How horrible, how horrible."

For a long time he sat, his face buried in his hands, and then he slid to his knees, and Ingersoll, of all others, tried to pray.

"God," he cried, but with the word, he seemed to hear a terrible voice cry out: "marble ears."

He rose to his feet with a loud cry, and then threw himself down again. For many minutes he knelt there, his hands held tightly over his eyes. From around the corner of the gigantic stone building, the wind shrieked dismally, and drove the snow half sleet against the window. From high on the roof, the ramshackle tower, shaking in the play of the wind, sent a hollow mocking roar like the detonation of distant artillery echoing through the building.

"God, God," whispered the man who knelt there on the floor.

He caught his breath sharply, and listened. From afar off, indistinctly above the roar of the storm, a clock was tolling out the midnight hour. The gong-like tones of the clock held a threatening, potent note that droned dismally through the silent halls with sepulchral reverberations.

Scarcely had the last toll of the clock been swallowed up by the storm, when plainly to Ingersoll's ears came the sound of a tap at the

door. Ingersoll arose slowly, his eyes fixed on the door. No, it was not the dripping of melting snow this time; there it came again, a gentle tap on the wooden panel. Evalyn was dead at last.

Ingersoll stood like a statue of despair, the stony eyes that were fixed on the door were filled with the blackness of unutterable hopelessness, his face like wax. As the first significant tap died away into silence, he raised his arms high above his head, and then as the second tap sounded mercilessly above the roar of the wind, he fell violently to the office floor.

"All over, all over, all over," he sobbed. "Oh Evalyn, Evalyn."

Hours afterwards, Ingersoll still lay where he had fallen, his open eyes fixed on the ceiling. It seemed to him as though he had just laid down, yet, through the periphery of his eye, he could see the lurid glow of the morning's sun overspreading the room.

"It is day," he thought in surprise. "I have been here on the floor since midnight. I must get up."

He attempted to draw his feet up under him, and was mildly surprised when he could not even make a movement. He did not become panic-stricken then, but slowly, ever so slowly, he tried to move his hand. The effort to make a movement of any kind was futile. It was then that Ingersoll was overcome by a paroxysm of fear. There could be but one

explanation for this sudden rigid immobility of his body. He had been totally paralyzed. His arms and legs were devoid of any feeling or life; his heart had even ceased to function; his entire being had grown coldly quiescent and amidst it all, Ingersoll knew with a feeling of horror at his heart that his mind was as keenly alert as ever.

One of Ingersoll's favorite forms of amusement had been to address himself at his worst to some mind, which, with all its being housed in a paralytic body, he knew to be alive to everything going on around. That he should now be forced to undergo the same horror was a prospect most appalling.

His horrified gaze swept through the open door of the office, through the corridor, and fastened on the dim light burning at the end of the hall. Then it was that Ingersoll met with the crowning shock of his career. For a long minute his terrified eyes swept the end of the hall, searching, searching for the statue that had stood there. This was the last staggering blow to his credence. The huge marble statue was gone. Where it had stood was a yawning hole in the wall.

Ingersoll fought to think calmly. Evalyn was dead; he knew that he remembered that much. He remembered having fallen to the floor when Dr. Tull's last tap at the office door had apprised him that Evalyn was no more. He was also cognizant of the fact that his body had grown rigid and cold, and that his

eyes were fixed and glazed, staring sightlessly on the ceiling. But what of the absence of the marble statue at the end of the hall? Could it be an optical illusion since it appeared that the sense of sight had been lost? Optical phenomenon or not, his professional instinct, serving him to the last, advised him that he was facing a mental crisis that threatened to leave him forever in a hellish delirium of doubt as inexorable as the flight of time itself.

"It certainly can't be that my mind is affected," he reasoned. "For I seem to have the power of thought. I seem to know that my body is lifeless. I know that I can't move. I know that I can't hear or feel; I know I can't even see the ceiling toward which I am looking. Would any but a sane mind be able to grasp the situation as mine has?"

"But what of the marble statue at the end of the hall?" the thought intruded upon him.

Ingersoll's mind writhed in an agony of doubt. Just where had it all started? What was it that had precipitated him so violently into the dark and primeval chaos of this unknown mental world? What was it that made him seem so high above the office floor when he knew that he still lay where he had fallen?

A vague, indefinable thought, as elusive as the smell of a primrose sought admittance to Ingersoll's brain. He turned to it eagerly, but it was gone before he was able to grasp it.

However, he now discovered that he was staring down, down into the space that yawned between him and the floor. Far below he thought he could distinguish some shadowy substance moving swiftly about. Ingersoll stared hard into the misty distance trying to see what it was that moved about so swiftly there below.

Finally, from out the vaporous distance, those swiftly moving bodies which flitted to and fro like phantoms gathered by the sick imagination, materialized into substance—far away, and indistinct, but substance, nevertheless. As the forms grew in perfectness and completeness, Ingersoll felt again the peculiar urge of the vague thought, but lost it even as he attempted to grasp it.

“What can it be?” he wondered as he watched in fascination the growing of those objects there below.

Then suddenly he saw what it was that he had been watching so steadily for so many hours, and with the knowledge a swift and tragic impression swept through his brain. Those shadowy forms were Dr. Tull, and his assistants, and they were working feverishly over something which lay outside the door of the operating room.

Ingersoll, watching intently, felt the tragic impression growing swiftly in his brain, and then when he saw that it was his own body over which Dr. Tull and his assistants were working, the vague thought which had eluded

definition so long suddenly intruded itself violently upon his consciousness:

"It is death."

At last the overwhelming truth struck him. He knew now why his body lay stiff and cold there on the office floor. He knew now why his heart had ceased to beat, and his eyes had become staring and sightless. He was dead; the shock of losing Evalyn had killed him.

"If death comes this easy," he thought, "what a fool I have been ever to save lives. But, if this is so," he went on, "and I am actually dead, why is it that I am unable to see Evalyn when her condition must be the same as my own?"

"But no," the thought rushed in like an unbidden guest, "your conditions are not the same. Your ethereal atmospheres in life and death are unchanged. Evalyn's ethereal atmosphere could not be the same as your own, and no matter how much you may wish to see each other, when your ethereal waves meet crest to trough, there will be a reversal of effort, and regardless of how hard you try to see each other, it will be impossible. The Law of Reversed Effort decides that.

"Evalyn's ethereal atmosphere on earth has always been gentle. How about yours?"

From out the spidery araucaria of the grave, Ingersoll heard his shuddering soul shriek aloud its cry of unassisted woe.

"Must I be forevermore haunted by the fierce fiend of a distempered dream? Will not

the fearful shuddering ghosts that leap up to accuse my memory, run away with the day and allow me to rest in peace?"

"How can it be?" And with the question which burned into his brain, Ingersoll knew that he was at last in direct communication with the Universal Mind, the Omniscient Subconsciousness against whom he had so often directed his wordy virulence.

The light which Ingersoll had first taken as the approach of dawn grew so radiantly bright that the figures far below faded away. The door leading into the corridor disappeared. It was as though a luminous white cloud had been thrown across his eyes effectually obscuring his vision.

Ingersoll watched the glowing, billowy mass as it rolled and tumbled all about him like a gigantic mountain of sun-burnished cloud, and then without warning, came again that fearful explosion that he had heard as he was entering the operating room in response to Dr. Tull's summons. He felt again that peculiar numbing shock in the back of his head.

With the explosion, the great white cloud that rolled about him vanished away, and there above him towered the marble statue that had stood at the end of the hall. Closer, closer drew the huge mass until the amazed and fear-crazed man knew that it had alighted upon him with its ponderous weight.

All was dark then for Ingersoll. It seemed as though the night like a foul wind yawned blackly all about him. The silence was crushing. Ingersoll wondered drearily if this were a prelude to the opening of the doors of regions Plutonic.

"What other door have you ever chosen?" Ingersoll heard a cold voice close to his ear.

At the same time he saw something that gleamed and burned like heated opal shining steadily near his face.

"The grave alone is your door," he heard the voice continue, and he saw the graven lips, which he knew to be those of the marble statue, open with the words, and he knew then that the gleaming opalescence that burned above the marble lips was coming from the marble eyes.

Ingersoll stared in black despair at the terrifying eyes that stared at him so fixedly. He could not believe that the black, threatening face so close to his own could be that of him of the marble statue.

"The Olympian Impostor," Ingersoll saw the marble lips open again: "There is no hope at the twelfth hour."

As the voice ceased speaking, Ingersoll became conscious of a sound, vague, indistinct, an indescribable vibration on the air. He listened to the sound, his horror and fear mounting, as the vibration, gentle at first, changed into a violent pulsation that roared like a blast furnace on his eardrums.

A black, murky cloud suddenly rolled about him. Through the cloud, Ingersoll saw the cold and unforgiving face of him of the marble statue gradually fading away. Spear-tongued lightning slipped, snake-like, through the smoke. Ingersoll heard horrible laughter, the shriek of the grim caretaker of pulseless death, emanating from the cloud.

"Merciful God," he cried.

Slowly the cloud drew about him, enveloping him in its dank embrace. Higher, ever higher above the smoke, the face of him of the marble statue was gradually fading away.

"Merciful God," shrieked Ingersoll again, seeking vainly to reach his arms up toward that hard, unrelenting face.

The face above was now but a dim silhouette which seemed about to disappear forever from sight. Far, far into the zenith until it was no more than a faint outline, soared the face, and then suddenly it fell to within a foot of Ingersoll's. Ingersoll's arms suddenly flew up; his hands found and held the face in a grip of iron. Nevermore would he let go.

"Let go," Ingersoll heard the cold voice close to his ear now.

"Nevermore," shrieked Ingersoll. "Never, never shall I let go."

"You must," the voice came again half angrily.

Ingersoll could not see the eyes now, but he could feel the face between his hands, and

he knew he would never let go so long as he was able to hold on.

"Why do you hold a marble face?" the voice went on. "These are marble eyes, and marble ears. Let go." The voice rose again angrily. "You said you would not accept the Omniscient Subconsciousness," the voice went on as Ingersoll took a firmer hold, "unless these marble fingers wrote. See, then, the marble fingers shall write, and your face is the tablet. Right here on your neck will always be the writing of these marble fingers."

Ingersoll saw the chiseled hand reach out slowly and draw near his face, saw the marble fingers unfold and stretch out, and then, as he felt them sink, like white-hot steel into his quivering flesh, he gasped audibly, and raised himself with a prodigious effort.

"Lie down, Brent," he heard the voice again. "That's a good boy. Let go Brent, let go my face."

Ingersoll stared hard into the face he held so tightly. Dr. Tull was bending over him. The first fulgent rays of the sun were coming through the window.

"I think he is coming around," Ingersoll heard the voice coming tired and weary above him. It was Dr. Tull's voice speaking. "I wish he would let go my face."

Ingersoll stared up in perplexed wonder trying to readjust his thinking powers. Through the riot of his senses swept the knowledge that he was not dead, that the

shock of losing Evalyn had not killed him after all. That was not the face of him of the marble statue he held, but Dr. Tull's. That was not the voice of him of the marble statue repeating for the hundredth time: "Let go my face," but Dr. Tull's.

As from a great distance he saw the broad skylights in the ceiling, and knew that he no longer lay on the floor of his own office, but on the very table in the very room where he had so often attended patients with Dr. Tull.

Ingersoll's thoughts reeled through his brain, a scrambling, surging multitude when he discovered that he no longer lay on the office floor. Had it been possible that his mind had been allowed to cross for a moment the unbridgeable chasm of Infinity, or had it been an anachronism of thought, a black incongruity of the imagination fostered by the sudden death of his young wife? The black despair in his heart when he thought of his wife convinced Ingersoll that his chaotic thoughts had not been occasioned by the cadences of delirium. It had been too realistic for that.

From a position near his head the sound of gentle sobbing intruded on his consciousness; then he felt a soft hand fondling his brow. The falling of a scalding tear on his cheek caused him to turn his head with a violent start. He did not hear Dr. Tull's pleased ejaculation, so intently was he studying the face of the girl who knelt there beside him.

For many seconds he stared with tragic intensity into the white face which lay so close to his own. Was this apparition of surpassing loveliness sent there only to mock his reason? he wondered. Was this another prank of his still torpid faculties? He knew with the same black feeling at his heart, that with all the bewildering perplexities through which his mind had been, he had never once been off the threshold of consciousness; that he realized everything clearly from the time that he had stepped through the doorway to Evalyn's side to find her bleeding and dying, up to the present.

He closed his eyes tightly, and then as the sobbing was repeated close to his ear, he opened them slowly. Was this touseled blond head which lay there beside his own, another suggestion of his fancy? If this were so, then the summit of misery had indeed been reached. Tears of utter weariness and sorrow welled in his eyes.

"Evalyn," he whispered doubtfully.

"Oh Brent, Brent," sobbed the girl, and the blond hair which he had been watching in fascination suddenly fell over his face as the girl's head bent over him. "He knows me Dr. Tull. He knows me. Thank God."

The arms of the girl were about him now, holding him as though they would never again let go. Her lips were pressed tightly to his; the joyful tears deluged his face.

For the first time Ingersoll released his iron hold on the face above him. Dr. Tull staggered back with a hoarse cry of relief. Ingersoll did not notice him. His hands had gone uncertainly to the little head which bent over him, covering his face with its shining tresses.

For a moment he lay striving mightily to reason things out; to penetrate the trend of events which seemed to swim in a sort of blurred mist before his memory. Then his exploring fingers fondled gently the hair which swept his face in smothering mass, sought out the eyes, the mouth, the ears as if to satisfy themselves that this too were not another figment of a most amazing dream. He pushed back the girl slowly after a while, and stared at her the look of fear and doubt still darkening his eyes.

"Evalyn," he whispered, "you are alive—alive—alive?"

"Yes, dear," the girl whispered, her voice breaking tremulously.

Ingersoll's arms closed about her in crushing embrace. Unbelievable joy rioted in his dark eyes. "I thought you were dead," he cried over and over again, the tears creeping unashamed down his quivering cheeks. "I thought I had lost you, oh Evalyn."

He kissed her wet cheeks a thousand times. Dr. Tull, watching sympathetically, felt his own eyes grow moist. The younger surgeon's eyes were still glassy dark as though the haunt-

ing and horrible sense of loss still invaded his brain. He pushed back the girl's head, and stared into her eyes. How was he to know that this was not another dream from which he must soon awake; that this was not another prank along the lower borderland of his objective mind?

"Oh Eve," he whispered, "I am afraid that I shall awake to find myself still on the office floor, and you gone out of the dream. God pity me."

"This is no dream, Brent," soothed the girl. "You have not been near your office for hours."

"What!" gasped Ingersoll incredulously. "Not—been—near—then where did this thing start? What—?"

"Please, Brent, I will tell you," whispered the girl. "It was that great statue which stood in the hallway." And at the words, Ingersoll stiffened, and then relaxed slowly. "It fell on you as you were entering the room in response to Dr. Tull's call. You have been unconscious for thirty-one hours."

"Dr. Tull said that terrible blow on the head would have killed any ordinary man. It was your wonderful mentality, and my prayers that pulled you through. I would not let you go, Brent. I would not give up."

Ingersoll lay still a long time after that, thinking, thinking, scarcely breathing. The shadows were swiftly clearing from his eyes. An amazed wonder was taking their stead.

He closed his eyes finally, as though the very thoughts were a strain on his credulity. Dr. Tull, seeing he slept, stepped forward and touched the arm of the kneeling girl.

"Come, Eve," he said softly. "We shall find out in all good time what miracle has been performed here today. Sometime he will tell you all about it."

The girl arose with a happy sigh as Ingersoll snored softly. She stooped to breathe a final kiss on the lips of the sleeping man, and then she uttered a soft exclamation of surprise, and stooped lower, studying the face of the unconscious Ingersoll. Dr. Tull could see the excited throbbing of the pulse in her throat.

"What is it, Eve?" he asked, his voice low.

The girl straightened slowly, her hands grasping her pounding throat. There was an agitated look in her eyes. The finger she pointed was trembling.

"Look!" she whispered.

Dr. Tull bent over the sleeping man, and examined with microscopic attention the mark that appeared low on the sleeper's neck. It was a peculiar mark. It looked as though it might have been made by taking a red-hot iron brand and forcing it into the white flesh.

The surgeon stared long and hard, and when he raised his head after a while, there was a look of mystified surprise and awe in his eyes. The girl was watching him, scarcely breathing.

"What caused it, Dr. Tull?" she asked breathlessly.

"When Brent was in the state of coma," Dr. Tull asked, "do you remember touching his neck at any time?"

The girl shook her head. The surgeon patted the hand that lay trembling on his arm.

"The mental realm is a strange and incomprehensible kingdom all its own," he said slowly. "I doubt whether or not we are supposed to understand all that goes on in it.

"You do not even know that you were on your knees over thirty hours by Brent's side, do you?"

The girl shook her head in wondering silence. Dr. Tull smiled. "Of course you don't. The force that kept you there was not an objective force. It was a subconscious force directed by the inner consciousness of the mental realm. You invoked this mental power quite without your knowledge. The formula for this can be summed up in this manner: *desire plus fixation of attention plus concentration plus suggestion equals desire realized*. Quite unconsciously, you invoked the awful and mysterious power of that part of your mental realm which is a link in the chain of the Universal Mind.

"You do not know either that during the entire thirty hours you were kneeling by Brent's side you were saying, 'You are going to live. You are going to live.'

"For thirty hours you kept saying without cessation, 'You are going to live.' I tried several times to recall you to your senses. My every effort was futile. I even resorted to a pin which I inserted deep into your shoulder. You never knew it. The thought to which you kept giving voice for so many hours had become isolated to the exclusion of all else, and was thus able to penetrate the subjective mind and enter the subconscious where it realized itself.

"The subconscious mind is never more active than with the nearness of death. Brent's own subconscious mind received your suggestion, and—" he hesitated a moment, "those phantom fingers that write the *Immutable Law of the Universe* did the rest. Nothing is impossible with that awful power of which your mind, my mind, and Brent's mind are integral parts. Nothing can stand against that awful power that, without either hands or tools can reach out into infinity and create *something* from *nothing*.

"That is suggestion. The constant conscious repetition of the spoken word is an auto-suggestion to the subconsciousness, and the Law says it must realize itself.

"This phenomenal mark here on Brent's neck convinces me that he suggested a terrible experience to his subconsciousness. What it is we have yet to learn, but—"

He broke off as Ingersoll stirred gently, and then as the sleeping man's lips parted the

two listeners bent low to catch the mumbled words. And what they heard caused the one to clasp her hands in blank amazement—the other to start back a look of wonder, satisfaction, and fear in his eyes.

“It’s the writing,” they heard him say deep in his throat. “It’s the writing of the marble fingers.”

MARBLE FINGERS

MENTAL LAWS INVOLVED

Law is a rule of action laid down by authority. The condition which man has established in his social scheme, economic and political conditions, are subservient to man as the authority which laid down the laws governing them. The law of man can be amended or modified at will by man. The results are predetermined by man's will.

The laws of the mental realm are also rules of action laid down by authority. The order of nature is determined by the laws of the mental realm. Nature appears to us as the greatest fact. Nature can be seen, felt, realized. Everything beyond the confines of the reasoning realm looms a great void of metaphysical obscurity. The reasoning mind cannot stand before thought which does not reason from cause to effect. Civil laws are understood for the reason that they are traceable to concrete source. These laws are the result of reasoning bodies; they spring immediately from reasoning minds for purposes which have been reasoned. Definite causes give rise to these civil laws and a definite effect is seen or expected or the law is modified, amended or abrogated. The greatest effect of any cause is Nature. We are a

part of that great effect. The cause from which the great effect springs, staggers the credence of all of us because we attempt to reason. The cause responsible for the great fact of nature lies in the vast mythical kingdom far beyond any conscious investigation. Yet, from this vast and obscure mental realm the Omnipotent Dictator reached out and wrote upon the statute of Infinity the great laws of which nature is the visible effect. To attribute the order of nature to the unseen power of some great being who lays down the laws to nature is to explain the fact of nature by a mystery. The mystery is mystery only to us whose origin is as mysterious as that of nature itself. The mystery lies within.

Sir Isaac Newton correlated successfully the divergence of the motion of the earth and the moon from a straight line with the phenomena of falling bodies near the surface of the earth. The *law of gravitation* obtains among all physical objects in the universe. None of us attempt to ridicule the law of gravitation though we cannot penetrate the mystery of its action or origin. If I let fall a pebble it must drop to the ground in accordance with this law. It cannot be abrogated by desuetude as can the empirical civil laws, nor can it be modified by will. It demands and receives strict observance.

The laws of the mental realm demand of everything in the universe unqualified obedience. It is well to remember that no infrac-

tion of a law of nature by the free moral agents of society will be passed over with impunity. The great cosmic scheme includes all the laws of the mental realm: *The law of mental control; The law of emotional control; The law of perspective; The law of suggestion.* These laws are as immutable as the law of gravity. Their ruling is that mind masters destiny; that what a man thinks is just what he is; that emotions are life's essence; that destructive emotions destroy the body and tear down the brain cells; that the emotions of hate, worry, fear, anger wrack the human system; that love cleanses all; that fear and defeat turn into hope and victory before faith.

Wit is the avenue through which the unconscious receives gratification. There is no better way of judging the character of a man than through his wit; there is no better way of penetrating his innermost being. Wit, because of its being illogical, is a form of mental relaxation. If there was logic, there would be no wit. Logic itself is a development of the objective or reasoning mind. In the subconscious there is no room for logic. Every subconscious thought is an unreasoned thought. Concentration therefore is a characteristic of the objective mind. Any interruption of concentration or deviation from logical reasoning affords relaxation. This relaxation is demanded by the subconscious to relieve the repressed primitive instincts. Wit seems to be the easiest avenue through which

these repressions can be relieved. Through wit and laughter psychic energy is discharged.

In the case of Ingersoll, the unconscious could be relaxed only through perceiving misfortune. The unconscious mind of Ingersoll must have had a repression of a most violent nature. His unconscious mind took a delight in causing pain to others, and gloated upon scenes depicting pain, and misery, and grief. This peculiarity is true of the unconscious of every one, but it is not true that the peculiarity manifests itself so savagely in the conscious nature of every one. Ingersoll's joy upon witnessing disaster is not necessarily overdrawn. It is highly possible that such a condition can develop in the objective realm. When that condition does develop, the conscious mind loses its individuality, and reasoning power is at an end. Ingersoll realized that the rest of the personnel of the hospital hated him for his savagery, but that only urged him to still greater effort. Dr. Tull pointed out to him the fact that wit to be wit must be illogical, and Ingersoll pointed out in return how illogical it was for a woman to be alive and not talking. This cruel joke was a great relaxation to his unconscious mind. When he saw the nurse turn pale and tremble at his godless joke, his cup of joy was full.

It is quite impossible to conjecture what the thoughts of such a man must be, but we do know that they must have been most devastating. *The law of mental control* rules

that mind masters destiny; that what a man thinks, he is; that what he says, he thinks. We must study Ingersoll's case without judging him too harshly. If he got unreasoning joy through the sight of some person else's disaster, true enough there was some faculty other than the reasoning faculty accountable for it. The reasoning faculty is of the objective realm not the subconscious. If Ingersoll's joy was another's dire misfortune, it was because the unconscious and unreasoning mind in seeking to relieve the tension wrought by repression on the unconscious personality, could find this relief only through some happening that was horribly illogical. In this case the more horrible the affair, the more ludicrous and illogical it appeared to the unreasoning mind. The inevitable result was the absolute surrender to the ferocious demands of the unreasoning mind to relax the tension and afford the only means of unconscious gratification. Ingersoll did not attempt to deny this unconscious gratification. Had he done so, other conflicts would have arisen, and the tension would have become so great that his unconscious in seeking relief, may have destroyed his reason altogether.

The law of emotional control rules that the destructive emotions: hate, worry, fear, and anger wrack the human system and destroy the brain cells. With each submission to a destructive emotion, Ingersoll wrought havoc in his entire mental and physical realms even

while appeasing the unconscious. Each appalling disaster struck Ingersoll negatively. Positive thoughts only, can live, and Ingersoll lived only for the negative. It is a far from beautiful picture: the spirit of a beast housed within the breast of man. To us who *reason*, the picture is appalling. Our finer sensibilities revolt at such inhumanity, but look at the picture we must, and while we look we must not lose sight of the fact that Ingersoll's actions while in violent state of cognition are quite *unreasoned*. Our objective minds take emphatic exception with Ingersoll, but our own subconscious minds were we able to consult with them would very likely surprise us by manifesting the same unreasoned and barbarous attitude. The savagery of our subconsciousness would shock us, because we attempt to reason things out. Remember, the unconscious never reasons. In our unconscious vocabularies, there is not to be found reason and logic.

During his most violent moments, Ingersoll made no attempt at objective reasoning. His mental processes were obscured by his savage joy in the perception of bloody spectacles. This condition of the mental machine was not in accordance with the wish of nature. In his sane moments it was pointed out to him by Dr. Tull that by surrendering to vicious impulse he was breaking a natural law. During one of these discussions with the elderly surgeon, Ingersoll grew insanely

angry. It was then he made the speech in which he challenged the marble fingers to write upon his neck. It is a psychological fact that in moments of intense grief or anger the subconscious mind is wide open and that the first thought suggested will be accepted and worked into being. This happened in the case of Ingersoll. In a moment of intense anger he made the suggestion and almost at once it became fact.

Ingersoll was in the act of entering the door of the operating room in answer to Dr. Tull's call when he was stricken down by the falling statue. His sensations while in the unconscious state were the same that he experienced while awake. Every act, every deed, every word was an auto-suggestion which was impressed indelibly upon his subjective, and as soon as he passed into unconscious state these acts, and deeds, and words came flocking from the subjective to live themselves over again along the lower borderland of his objective consciousness. In a trice he lived over again every experience of a lifetime. Every horrible joke he had ever perpetrated on God or man arose to mock him.

The law of suggestion rules that an isolated thought only, can pass through the subjective and penetrate the subconscious; that isolated thoughts only, realize themselves. It rules also that the constant conscious spoken word is an auto-suggestion. Time and time again, Ingersoll had given utterance to expressions,

which, had he not been in a state of insane anger, he had left unsaid. Every word spoken aloud places a demand in the realm of the subconscious and invokes that mysterious power that dictates the immutable laws of the universe. Ingersoll constantly repeated certain thoughts, until they became isolated and penetrated the subconscious. That accounts for the terrible experience through which he passed during his unconscious state. In the few short hours that he lay near the grave, he passed through an eternity of torment and torture. Infinity recognizes no such thing as time. Time is the product of the reasoning mind. If there is no such thing as time, then what is the difference between an eternity and an hour?

The marble statue of the Christ, which Ingersoll had made the butt of so many of his jokes, figured largely in his unconscious mental state, and with reason. Ingersoll suggested that experience to himself. That is the law. Further, while Ingersoll lay unconscious, his subconscious mind was keenly alive to everything. During this state, his wife knelt by his side for hours repeating in his ear the thought: "You are going to live." The thought was repeated so many times that it became isolated from every other thought of the mental realm and was able to pass through the subjective and penetrate the subconscious. The suggestion was received by Ingersoll's subconscious mind and transformed into fact.

Desire plus fixation of attention plus concentration plus suggestion equals desire realized. That is the law, and law is a rule of action laid down by authority.

Too much care cannot be exercised with the spoken word. *The law of suggestion* is as final as the *law of gravitation*. Suggestion transforms substance into fact. An isolated thought will be received by the subconscious as a suggestion. Constant conscious repetition of the spoken word isolates the thought and makes the suggestion. The spoken word cannot be too carefully chosen. It can uplift or eternally wreck. The subconscious reasons nothing. Any word spoken to it is received as truth and at once the great and mysterious power of that part of the mental realm which is in direct touch with the Universal Mind is invoked and the suggestion realized. That is the law which is laid down by the greatest authority. No legislation can amend or modify it or set it aside. That is the law which is responsible for the creation of the world of fact.

IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SOUL

"The mind grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty ingredients, grows, by certain necessity, to their stature."—*Bryant*.

Mephisto may have my soul. A sordid offer, a perilous offer, a grotesque and monstrous offspring conceived in an hysterical mind. Yet I offer to Mephisto my soul, if he gives me what I will in exchange. A hazardous expedient. What can I win from this nether being without losing all? He was a native of pre-human existence. I also was a native of the same pre-human existence. His supreme Archangelship among the Celestials went unchallenged. I was supreme among the Celestials but Archangel I was not. A Seraphim, a Cherubim was I, subject to no physical law, a Divine fact. I saw the infernal machinations of the Supreme Archangel, the disturbance in the Empyrean and Mephisto's ejection into Chaos. I witnessed his fall. I watched his meteoric descent. Nine days and nights he plunged through Chaos followed by the Messiah's avenging fires and thunders to the fiery gates of hell. I saw it all. I witnessed the creation of the world and the starry universe. I shared in this creation. Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter took shape from the mental image projected in the mind of which I was a part; from the thought in this great mind the earth likewise took shape. I

felt the movement, the urge, and of the part I have in the creation of the world I am assured and glad. I saw the first life, the first man, and I witnessed likewise his fall. To this cunning contriver who compassed man's fall I offer my soul for a consideration, but the bargain must be driven by me. If I sell my soul I have a right to ask what I will in exchange. Incomparable riches, vast power and glory I cannot accept. Neither can I accept so small a thing as that, the physical immensity of which confounds the imagination, nor the boundless void of transpicuous space and all therein contained. It is not enough. The entire terrestrial region fails to intrigue me. All I ask is that I give continuous expression to the thought: "I am man child of the Infinite Father whose nature I inherit and express." All power will now again be mine, and though physical in being I will again be metaphysical in fact. Any suggestion that I make must realize itself by virtue of my being. I will suggest that at any time I will it, my immortal soul must wake from Mephisto's sleep and assume its proper place in the Universal. I will, moreover, suggest that I make the first suggestion thereby obviating any adroit manouever which Mephisto may be contemplating. The power then to take what I want is mine. In the end I shall cheat Mephisto out of my soul. Not only that, but I shall defraud him of every other soul that has been traded to him in exchange for the world.

REALIZATION

"The mind is the man, and knowledge is mind; a man is but what he knoweth Is there any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have a respect for the order of nature and the error of men?"—*Francis Bacon*.

The knowledge that my intellect holds an important position in the great rational scheme of the universe gives me assurance that no man is my superior. Neither have I an inferior. The terms: *superior* and *inferior* are relative. The difference between individuals is not in wisdom but in truth. It is not always the well-read man who realizes most. An ignorant but truthful man is superior to the educated liar. Truth compasses all; if it is sought the natural end is realization. The brightest ray of light that ever started from the sun was not to be seen until it had fallen upon some object. Everything in the universe is an object upon which truth can impress itself. Truth is a natural principle of the Great Intellect. To disregard it is to violate a natural law. He who disregards it can be deceived by the mere rustling of a twig; to him nature will be a thing distorted. He who speaks it must seek it. To him who seeks it realization comes. In everything that is he sees the same intelligence that manifests itself in him. The

towering mountain, the yawning chasm, the ocean, the wild beast, the oak tree, the grain of sand, and are all solid manifestations of the same great intellect. The universe which we see, feel and hear is thought made solid by a mind of truth. Realization raises me to that higher plane where the material is dissolved and the thoughts within the material assume their former positions in the rational machine and everything is equalized. Now I can see that the power in the raging hurricane and the bolt of lightning is in me and that I am in the power. Realization dissolves the material form of the oak, the wild beast and me and places us on an equal where truth can be compassed. In the Upanishad of the Brahmins, the Suttas of the Buddhists, the Shu-King of Confucius, the Zend-Avesta of Zoroaster, is the same intellect of the universe that gave birth to the book of Psalms, and St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Your intellect and mine, and the oak tree's are composite parts of the great rational machine. Without what we are disposed to call the smallest spark of intelligence, that great machine would not be complete. Completion of the great intelligence machine is the end of existence. Knowledge that you and I and everything else in the universe must all unite finally to bring about this end, and that the great intellectual current is ours to use when we call upon it—that is Realization.

THE NOTION OF FORCE

"Work of His hand
He nor commends nor grieves:
Pleads for itself the fact;
As unrepenting Nature leaves
Her every act."—*Emerson*.

Is Force an universal notion?

The physical world can be comprehended between two distinct limits: force, and matter. Any attempt to step without the natural boundaries described by those limits, means an attempt to penetrate the mystic veil of futurity over which there has been as much incomprehensible as abstruse argumentation since the beginning of civilization. Learned physicists tell us that force is that which acts upon matter. Matter, they say, is that by which man apprehends force.

The thin veil which separates us from the rest of the vast universal intelligence prevents us from looking beyond for a decision as to the acceptability of that idea of force. No thought will admit of all force being the result of thought-impulse behind the veil.

Our failure to understand what physicists consider fact, may be no reason for our challenging its truth. Galileo gave arguments that no one else understood in defense of the Copernican System. Sir Isaac Newton knew that the exact balance of centrifugal and

centripetal force kept the earth from flying wildly off into space. There are wise men who refuse to accept that theory today. Shall we try to bring discredit upon the theories of Galileo and Newton simply because we do not understand? Force is a tangible thing. There is no doubt of that in our minds. Electricity, light, heat, the wind, motion, chemical energy are nothing new to us. Representatives all, of a strange and baffling power, we can only bear them witness without understanding. Are they notions of the universal intelligence manifesting themselves on a thought-charged ether? If that is so, they are real in so far as thought is real, and man as an intelligent force might have reason to doubt his own reality. Which makes us wonder what mysterious awakening there might be in store for the universal dreamer. Could it be possible that we are but the dream in *the* great mind? Are we nothing more than the fulfillment of a wish or craving of the Great Unconscious? What a sad blow to Freud's epochal disclosures if we are to accept that as truth. The lifting of the veil alone will tell. Until such time, it will not be without our rightful province to doubt in the search for truth, and depend upon the great waking for the great disclosure. Descartes said:

"That in order to seek truth it is necessary once in the course of a life to doubt, as far as possible, of all things." In the acceptance of Descartes' logic, he can have no quarrel with

us, then, for doubting him in turn. The fact finally prevails, no matter how consistently it has been evaded. We know that force is, and always has been. Twenty centuries ago, it was the same as it is now. It will be the same two hundred centuries hence. There will be no end. We are not to believe that it had a beginning, since it appears to have been a quality—a notion of the “causeless cause.” For us to doubt that were like doubting the wind. The explanation lies with the causeless cause, the universal mind behind the veil. Descartes allows me free rein to doubt the reality of everything. I have no desire to put such a terrific strain on my credulity. My understanding is a little further advanced than that of the dawn man, who accepted the wind as the breath of the wood-demon. None of us worship the wind as God. But we all recognize it as force, a mighty, resistless force that rushes riotously out of nowhere to hurl hundreds of tons through space, and to lash the ocean into a hissing, seething fury. An awful notion of the universe.

It is through matter that man apprehends force, since force is that which acts upon matter. Force as we know it, acting upon matter as we know it, is traceable, in every instance, to the life—the thought that gave the impulse. The force of the steam engine is traceable to thought-force in the brain of James Watt. The Eolipile, the modern turbine in the embryo, was conceived in the

brain of Heron. The image of the first gas engine was projected in the mind of Hautefeuille. The thought-impulse of Otto von Guericke is responsible for the force pump. That of Pascal is responsible for the hydraulic press. In short, there is no force which cannot by the very fact of its being, be traced to life, unless, of course, *death* has ceased to be other than pulseless. Force is the child of life. Then what is the mysterious thing we know as life? Spencer says it is the correspondence of certain inner physico-chemical actions with certain outer physico-chemical actions. Is that to be the history of all thought? Do we accept Spencer's explanation of life, and attribute force as the result of an impulse emanating from a correspondence of certain physico-chemical actions? Does that explain to us the mystic force of the wind?

The force of the steam engine and the turbine was the result of intelligently directed thought—of concentrated thought-energy. Is there anyone who can see intelligent direction of thought in the raging hurricane? If we approve, we admit that life is the cause of the force of the wind. On the other hand, we will not admit that there is force in death. In rejecting one premise, we accept the other. It is hardly conceivable that there is anything of consciousness in the elemental force of the wind. It requires a greater belief in the power of the universal intelligence than most of

us have, to credit the wind-force as the result of thought-impulse.

Once after a terrific cyclone had swept across the country, it was found where a wheat-straw had been forced through a two-inch cypress board. With all the ingenious devices created by man, could all of them combined force a flimsy wheat-straw through a two-inch board many thousand times harder? It would require a force of several hundred pounds to drive a steel needle through a two-inch board. A wheat-straw would shatter if it fell with all its weight on one end. What is the explanation of the awful force that can set aside every known law, and perform a feat so far without the pale of man's comprehension that he doubts even while he sees? What is this terrifying invisible force that can defy the puny efforts of man with a wheat-straw? Scientific "cause and effect" can not render any possible account for it. The cause of the phenomenon is invisible; the effect incredible and mystifying. The explanation of those who pride themselves on reasoning from cause to effect might be amusing here. "Freak of nature," satisfied them, and covered up their ignorance.

The great power of the universal mind is a strange and incomprehensible thing. The greater intelligence renders no account of its mysterious achievements to the lesser. The lesser force, as an integral part of the greater,

can accept or reject that knowledge which will make the lesser greater, and omniscience, universal. That was the first notion of the universe. It will be the last.

GENIUS

"Is Intellect Constructive?"—*Emerson.*

Genius is the Finite imitation of the Infinite; the material image of the spiritual; crystalized thought. It is a quality which has its origin in the Great Intellect. It is that part of the intellect which constructs; which out of a thought creates a solid; it is the apocalyptic vision, which, when humanized by created form manifests by that very form potentialities of divinity. The mind of Phidias held a true and deeply felt sentiment. Responding to the urge of that part of his intellect which constructs, the sentiment took solid form in the statue of the goddess, Minerva. No Twentieth Century sculptor, master craftsman though he may be, can ever hope to do more than copy the physical aspects of the Minerva. To achieve the sentiment reproduced by Phidias he must explore the intellectual realm of the sculptor and bear witness to the creative impulse. When he learns that the Minerva is not a mere symbol of admiration—a copy of the human form, but a spiritual exhilaration, the expression of the intuition of immortality; then the cold marble takes on a new meaning for him and he is closer to the achievement of the sentiment than he ever was before.

The sculptored Cupid was the created response to the sentiment in the constructive Intellect of Praxiteles; the Laocoon Panegyric of Pliny; Agasias' Apollo Belvedere are other sentiments which have assumed solid form in response to the demands of constructive intellect. A sentiment, a thought which has become reality in response to the creative urge, but which has no reciprocal influence upon us because of our Christianity. No antique Pagan sentiment need search for sympathy in a Christian breast. To the Christian, the Pagan work of art is not art but a random preconception; his religion is not a religion but a sacrosanct fetish. And thus the present day sculptor feels a sense of failure even after he has successfully copied the physical aspects of those masterpieces, because he realizes that his copy is physical only—that the sentiment is not there.

The Pyramid of Cheops at Memphis rises five hundred feet into the sky where its lofty peak seems to puncture the overvaulting clouds. A gigantic structure, a swelling magnitude of stone on stone which feels less the encroachments of time than the mountains near it; a perpetuation of a massive sentiment in the minds of they who fashioned the great edifice; the crystallization of a mighty creative urge. The mystery of the sentiment, the impulse to construct such a towering piece of masonry, can be explained only by those who achieved it. Possibly be-

neath its swelling base is an immense substructure in which may yet be found the lore of ancient Egypt. Possibly it holds the secret of the famous labyrinth built by the twelve kings of Egypt. We feel the immensity of the urge, of the undertaking, of the accomplishment when we gaze upon this stony testamentary document to constructive thought. Some of the sentiment upon which it took shape is communicated to us, but the mystery remains unsolved.

In response to constructive intellect, a sentiment takes definite shape; the abstract becomes concrete; the dream a reality. The Pantheon, the Travertine and the Colosseum were incipient fancy in the beginning. First came the thought and the projection of the mental image, the constructive quality of the intellect brought about the realization of the image and today the Pantheon, the Travertine and the Colosseum stand as monuments to this quality.

If any created form is the physical, crystallized expression of the sentiment, thought, emotion in the soul of the creator, nature itself is the crystallized expression of the Great Soul which achieved it. From the sentiment, the projected image in the mind of the great creative genius, nature took shape. Nature is the crystallization of a great thought in a beautiful mind. Everything, then, is thought, which has been given form by the urge of the constructive intellect. If that thought

stands, nothing can be real. The world, the sun, the moon, and stars, light and darkness are so many copies of Infinite thought. Man himself is but an image of what is real. With man's progeny comes another copy. Every accomplishment of man in the world of art and science is but imitation of the great genius.

Where man has achieved, there has been a flow of Omniscience into the intellect; the taking of infinite pains has already followed; the perfection of the image compassed. The paintings of Velasquez, of Mikon and Leonardo Da Vinci; the poetry of Aeschylus and Sophocles; the "Elements" of Euclid proclaim the inflowing of Omniscience into the intellect.

In the time of Abraham, the shepherds of Chaldea used to count the lonely hours of the night by the relative positions of certain constellations. Through this simple reckoning of time, Astronomy was born thousands of years ago. The starry firmament is not held as an object of wonder by the average man. To most of us the stars are those bright objects which are to be seen only overhead and appear with nightfall. True enough, but had Hipparchus and Kepler been satisfied with that explanation two centuries before Christ, Astronomy might still be a subjective impulse, a dormant spark implanted in the substratum of consciousness awaiting the urge that will crystallize it into action.

The hand of genius is to be seen in everything. The great fashioning hand moves, the

world and the solar system appear as fingerprints before the gaze of time. The origin, the thought, the law are repeated with every movement of the hand. The law, the thought, the principle which fashions the great and mighty, fashions also the small and weak; the hand which fashions the wealthy, fashions also the poor. There is no change in the principle. Genius was, even before there was life; it is a quality of the intellect. The first pulsating atom is as much a tribute to genius as the greatest man. What better proof would you have of this quality than the grain of sand or the dewdrop? Yet they were both here before man. Both are fashioned after the shape of the great hand of genius which fashioned man. Man, too, is an exact duplicate of the great hand, and from this hand he gets that mysterious quality of the intellect known as genius. In Lincoln this quality became manifest as humanitarism; in Raphael as the Transfiguration; in Caesar as the Roman Empire; in Luther as the Reformation. This universal quality perpetuates itself in every newly created form. About it there is a spontaneity which brooks no resistance; a transforming power that is alike resistless and implacable. Once its potent urge is placed in the inner mental realm, no objective propensity can stand before it. In the brain of Sophocles was felt the impulse which gave rise to the Antigone; the sanctifying of funeral rites was the result. The inner consciousness

of Harriet Beecher Stowe demanded objective obedience, and the result was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the emancipation of a race. In the brain of Thomas Paine was born "Common Sense" and there followed the emancipation of a nation.

In its demands genius is stern and exacting. He in whom this quality is manifest must venture all for the compassing of the one thing, the one object, the one passion. In the consuming love of a man for an idea, a person, a country, there is a sublimity which dwarfs to unimportance all other emotions. When Crito urged Socrates to escape from the dungeon and the cup, he refused. The only thing consistent with his idea of morality was death, and death he accepted rather than see the idea which he loved, perish. Jesus voluntarily suffered terrifying death to give perpetuity to His idea of Salvation. John Milton sacrificed his eyes to answer Salmasius' "Defense of Charles I." Fame was his reward, blindness the penalty. When Pegasus beckoned, "Duty" also called, and it was this last "stern daughter of the voice of God" which Milton heeded.

Venturing all, losing all, for the love of an idea, secure with the thought that the end hallows the means. And thus the unchanging principle, law, order, demonstrates again. What better assurance can be had of the sacredness of an idea than the sacrifice of a life to perpetuate it? Nothing could dissuade

Socrates to save his life and sacrifice his idea of morality; nothing could dissuade Jesus to save His life and sacrifice His idea of Salvation; Milton could not be prevailed upon to save his eyes at the expense of his reply to Salmasius. The ineffaceable memory of these sacrifices to an idea will be carried by all men through every age; the results confirmed in every sphere. The sacrifice of objective existence for truth; for the crystallizing of a thought; for the love of an idea; the unconscious reaction to the Creative Intellect which establishes the Finite imitation of the Infinite emphasizes those powers in you and I and carries us back to the origin.

LINKS

"Let but a creation of the world happen twice, and it ceases to be marvelous, to be noteworthy or noticeable."—*Carlyle*.

Rationality is a quality of the universe. Everything in the universe must therefore be possessed of rationality. The universe is an illimitable battery from which there is a constant flow of electrical thought-current to everything in it. Everything depends upon the omnipresent current that gives life and rationality to otherwise inanimate masses of protoplasm. The man, the oak, the beast, the towering mountain cliff, the yawning chasm, the ocean, the grain of sand, are so many links in the unending chain of the universe, the joining together of which will mean the completion of the chain and the final perfection of the great current. Were this chain perfected, every link in its place, universal knowledge, omniscience, were ours. The manifold mysteries of our origin, existence, and decadence were mysteries no longer. The great chain would give up to each connected link, its secret. The secret of the amoeba and the algae were ours. The secrets of the marine and lacustrine basins were secrets no longer; the fairy stories of the Yucatan were revealed to us. Cryptic puzzles of Salisbury plain, the Caverns of the Dordogne and Carlsbad

were rendered simple by the unfoldment. The history of the Quipo and the Wampum, the pictured grave post, cyclopean walls, the ancient hieroglyphs, the magalithic monuments, the Ohio mounds, the Egyptian pyramids, the dolmens of Scotland, the tumuli of Jelabad were no longer objects of mystery and wonder. The stick of wood, the spiral of smoke, the huge boulder, the dashing waterfall were our intimate friends. The redwood, the pine, the oak were our confidants.

The spark of the great current in the oak is not recognizable by us, its brother links, because our final connection in the great chain has not yet been compassed. Each link recognizes its kind, and marvels at the mystery of the other. Why can't we see the intelligence in the oak? "Only a snake can see a snake's legs." The raising of a family of acorns is no mystery to the oak. The towering sky-scraper does not mystify me. I am attuned to the current that achieved it. Within the tiny acorn, there is the impulse that will create a thousand million oaks. Here is mystery. In ten thousand years the sky-scraper will be dust. In its stead the tiny acorn will stand, countless forests. We consider ourselves as occupying an eminently superior position in the world of intelligence and understanding and rationality, yet the, secret of a brother link in the universal chain mocks us. At our hand we have every element of which the acorn is composed: carbon,

nitrogen, chlorine, potassium, sodium, etc. We unite these elements in an acorn that is perfect in composition, form, and appearance. Yet, when we plant this perfect acorn it refuses to grow. Why? Man has not been able to give to it that little spark of rationality. He has not been able to charge it with the current of intelligence that will cause it to grow into an oak. With all its apparent perfection, the acorn is lacking in the first requisite: the spark of life, of energy, of *thought* from the great current. And without this spark, the state of being ceases, just as, on the other hand, the state of being starts with the receipt of the spark. Without this tiny spark of intelligence, the "spiritus animalis" or hyper-mechanical force which emanates from the universal current, an acorn remains so much inorganic matter, so much senseless protoplasm. This is true of all other protoplasmic masses. Without the intelligent spark that flashes from the great universal current, protoplasm will remain just protoplasm whether it is human reproductive cells or acorns.

As rational links in the great chain of the universe, we should understand those other things of the universe which are links of the chain as well as we. In spite of our rationality, we understand only those links that can be identified with us; only those with which we are in tune. Our failure to tune in on the great thought current, prevents us from under-

standing, and makes us wonder at simple things. Because of our detachment we understand nothing that cannot be reasoned according to accepted hypotheses. The Nebular Hypothesis bewilders us while we accept it. We can lose ourselves in contemplation of the philosophy of Copernicus, and of the Bertillon System. The magnitude of the Atomic Theory confounds us. Such a simple thing as the combustion of hydrogen bewilders us. We ridicule the Theory of Concentric Spheres. The Theory of Evolution impresses, confuses and amuses us. Some of us agree on a common ancestor springing from a Mammalian stem. Some of us do not. And then after we have marveled at the wisdom displayed by our scientific and liberal brothers, we suddenly remember that they are detached links the same as we, quite without the universal current. None of them, we reflect, have ever been known to converse with a redwood, or an oak, or a blade of grass. The knowledge of the highly intelligent men who never agree would suddenly mean something were they able to do this. The secret of life over which there has been so much abstruse argumentation and speculation, would no longer be the excuse for bitter controversy.

But the secret of life, the secret of the oak, is knowledge that vibrates in the universal. Man as a detached link is but a meaningless spark that shines here for a moment before he reverts to the great current from whence

he sprung. Like a dewdrop that glistens in the grass (and about as transient) he shines, and then the main current calls him from his detachment and claims him forever.

Were it possible to cut off the main current, we sparks of the universal: the trees, the hills, the sea, the earth, the sun were no more. Everything visible and invisible, light and darkness, heat and cold, organic and inorganic, depend upon the universal current. "The earth does not stand still. The instant the earth pauses, that moment it will pass out of existence." Should the universal current that moves all, suddenly cease existing, there would be no earth, no sun, moon, nor stars. There would be no light, no darkness, nothing concrete nor abstract, neither fact nor substance, no space, no time, not even—*nothing*. Most impossible and abstract thought. Yet an abstract idea is capable of containing profound knowledge. The objective mind of man alone, limits the capacity of that knowledge. Man is thrown into the same position with relation to this idea as the infant of three years is in relation to the solar system. Where the child sees twinkling sparks, the wise astronomer sees flaming suns. Where the child sees innumerable fiery sparks twinkling in never-changing positions in the firmament, the astronomer sees stupendous worlds rushing riotously through space at terrific speed. The child's mind cannot conceive of things as they really are. His mind places a limitation

on the idea of the solar system, making it abstract, and to him the stars must always appear as countless sparks twinkling in unchangeable positions in the sky. Years of thought are required before the abstract idea of the solar system becomes a reality.

The idea, therefore, is not abstract nor the thought impossible. The word "impossible" is given credence no longer. It exists only in the minds of links not attuned to the great current. Where life comes in, "impossible" must go out; it cannot stand before life. Death alone is impossible, and yet it is death as we know it that serves to break the detachment of the links and send them back to the main chain. Death as the method of transference to that current from which we sprung, looms a stygian monster before us, only because our detachment makes us blind. The transference of our tiny spark to the great current—the transition of our short life to the great life can be compassed only through what we know as death. Were we able to conceive of a thing so small that it must be magnified five hundred million times before it reaches the size of an all but invisible grain of sand, and place this small particle over the entire world, we would get a small idea of the difference in our stations once our existence as a detached link had ceased and we were received into the great chain. We should discover that in the comparison the many time invisible grain of sand representing our

knowledge during life was many million times too large, and that the world representing our knowledge after death had compassed our union with the universal, was many million times too small.

Death is as impossible as the word "impossible." Life is not destructible, only transferable to a greater life, and this must be done by life itself. In what we know as death, we see the transference of life, and once the transference is brought about, there is one more link added to the chain, one more spark gone back to the universal current. Vesuvius cut short the brilliant spark of Pliny to send it back to the universal chain that projected it. The waters of Lerici was the life that transferred Shelley to his heritage in the great chain. The shot fired by Booth transferred Lincoln. The dagger of Brutus transferred the life of Julius Caesar. The spark of Archimides was claimed for the universal by the siege of Syracuse. The cup claimed Socrates.

In every instance where death comes to transfer the spark of life back to the great current which is but a manifold duplicate of the spark, there is an increase in the potency of the spark in proportion to the number of links in the universal chain. The transference of the lives of Emerson, Longfellow, and you back to the universal means added powers for me; it means the recall of those energies which have in them "both the Father and I"

for their incarnation in me. Those energies are mine for the seeking, and once sought, my own place in the universal chain is assured, for my own spark shall have learned from the great current the lesson of shining against the coming of the bridegroom and considered not my wedding with the world. Hafiz said:

“The world is a bride superbly dressed;
Who weds her for dowry must pay his
soul.”

For that link, the groom who weds the world, there is small chance of attaining perfection in the universal chain until he has served his apprenticeship. By each individual link attuning himself with the universal so that he is one with the great current, this apprenticeship is served. Nor will there be a quick apprenticeship served. The Infinite Gordian knot cannot be severed.

We stand aghast in contemplation of the awful infinitude of thought of which we are a part. The universal chain has neither beginning nor ending. Space nor time can measure it. Space and time are real only to us who are not real. The echoes of a great voice. The dream of a great mind. Faber must have had a like feeling when he said: “I rise from the dream of time.”

Thought is real, and where there is thought, there is rationality. Everything in the great universe must be possessed of this rationality. The attraction of the negative and positive

atoms in the steel bar proclaims rationality. "Thought dissolves the material universe by carrying the mind up into a sphere where all is plastic." And once this thought unity is attained, we discover that every earthly performance is one more manifestation that matter is the child of thought. It was the power of this great thought unity that caused my body to grow from a tiny cell, the oak to unfold from the acorn. It was this power that was responsible for the rapids of Niagara, the towering mountains, the raging wind, the ocean, the lightning. It was this power that gave birth to the Vedas and the Scrutti of the Brahmans, the Suttas of the Buddhists. It was this power that projected the Zend-Avesta in the mind of Zoroaster, the Shu-King in that of Confucius. The art of Dante, Giotto, Aeschylus; the teachings of Socrates and Aristotle; the reflections of David Hume; the judgments of Plato and Xenocrates; the accomplishments of Edison and Wright and Burbank; the "Kim," the "Kubla Kahn," the "Sartor Resartus," all are demonstrations that everything in the universe is nothing more than materialized or solidified thought.

The establishing of my body, the oak, the wild animal, and the terrifying elements on a plane where the material is dissolved, puts all in a position to see their image in the other. In myself, I see again the towering oak, the mountain lion, the waterfall; in you I see again the cyclonic blast, the upheaving ocean,

the bolt of lightning, all united by the power of the Infinite, made one by universal thought.

What is the difference between you and I, the oak, the mountain lion, and the bolt of lightning on the higher plane where universal thought has dissolved the material? In that perfected chain of the universe where there is nothing of class demarcation, of tongue, of race, of color, who will distinguish between Caucasian and Mongolian, Negro and Malay? In the era of materialized thought on earth the races are distinguished by their color and measurements and racial characteristics. The oblique slant of the eye, the intumescent lips, the high facial angle are natural qualities which universal thought dissolves, and on dissolving reverts to the causeless cause which gave the first impulse. The appearance, the race, the age, is nothing more than a covering which the universal chain supplies the detached links on earth, and once this covering is stripped off, we find ourselves even as men of Neanderthall, of Spy, of Langerie-Basse. We will find that while our covering was different, yet, we are the same with the Maoris of New Zealand; the Dyaks of Borneo; the Ainos of the Japanese Islands, and the Bushmen of Australia. We will find that the relationship of man never was remote except in his own objective mind. The links of the endless chain of the universe are closely united though we see it not. The barrier of race and color, of habit, of period, or type is not recognized by

the universal. The Gond, the Senegambian, the Berber, along with us, are so many integral links of the universal chain, recognized at the end when the lesser life is transferred to the greater, by no form other than Deity.

Upon each individual wave does the ocean depend for the completion of its gigantic being. Each small wave is the exact counterpart of the giant parent that gave birth to it. Every action of wind or gravity is reflected in each small wave. The ocean is the waves; the waves are the ocean. Upon each individual link depends the limitless chain of the universe for its completion. After the image of the great chain is each individual link projected. The powers of the great parent chain are reflected in each link. The Universal Chain is the links; the links are the chain. Everything in the universe by virtue of its being in the universe, is a link of this great chain. One link is as important to the completion of the chain as another.

Man was projected after the spirit-image of an all-wise Creator. In what image was the oak projected? Every link is one more counterpart of the great chain. Can the oak as a link of the great universal chain be moulded after nothing? Between the man and the oak, there is the same close connection that exists between the waves of the sea. Without either the man or the oak, the great universal chain would not be complete. The oak as well as the man is a link in the chain. The same in-

telligence that gives being to man, gives being to the oak. Yet no one would say that the oak was man. What are the physical and mental differences between these two links of the great chain? In the embryonic development of both there is no real difference. The impulse which starts man can be identified with that which starts the oak. The tiny acorn holds within its confines, the towering tree. With the fusion of the reproductive cells, whether they be human or of the oak, the impulse for man or oak is given. Neither of the two tiny cells thus formed by the fusion understands the technical process of growing into a man or a tree. With the cells knowing nothing about it, they proceed to grow into men and oaks.

There is nothing given to chance. A dozen acorns taken from the same tree and planted in a dozen different countries will produce oaks. How do we account for the mysterious intelligence that permits senseless bits of protoplasm to grow into such perfect machines? Neither of the links can grow to maturity of his own volition. What is it that makes it possible for them to do so? It is the universal law of nature. Wherever we find law, we know that mind was responsible for it. Then it is mind and not law that is responsible for all we links of the universal chain. If the same great mental process is responsible for the growth of man and oak, what is the given point where man's intelli-

gence meets with the Great Intelligence? What is the given point where the intelligence of the oak, which we call the working of the law of nature, meets with the Great Intelligence? What is the difference in the given points? It is at the point where man's intelligence meets the Great Intelligence that he receives his rationality. Does the oak know this? Man in rebuilding his body, depends upon the vegetable kingdom, because animals upon which other animals feed depend upon the plants for food. The oak can manufacture fresh protoplasm from mineral compounds. The difference between the activity of the protoplasm of the oak and that of man is one of "detachment rather than principle." In the performance of its cycle, there is no more given to accident or chance than there is in the cycle of man. The acorns when planted always grow into oaks. There is no accident nor chance here. Accident or chance is possible only where there is no rationality. Therefore there must be rationality in the oak. Does man know about it? Have we reached the real difference between these two links of the great universal chain? Is it that both are ignorant of the rationality of the other? It is a fearful strain on our credulity to imagine what we would discover were it possible to dissolve this difference. We should discover that the mind which Emerson says is common to all individual men, is likewise common to all individual oaks. It is im-

possible to say who would be the more greatly surprised, the man or the oak.

That spark of the great current within us is to be identified with that spark of the great current in the oak. The oak is as much a part of the great universal chain as we, and in proportion to our belief that the great mind exists in the oak as well as ourselves, we are a part of the oak, and it a part of us. The spark within us seeks out the spark within the oak. Both sparks are the same; both are integral parts of the great current. The great current of the universal mind pervades all. That part of it that is in us should be able to commune with that part of it that is in the oak. Our own objective minds prevent us from recognizing that vital part of us within the oak. Never was there better demonstration of the great Theorum of the Liveableness of Life, than belief in the omnipresence of the universal mind in everything. Many believe it. Far too many doubt it. If we wish to make universal knowledge ours, we must look up to the law which gave us rationality. The law will never bend to us. The Law of Nature demands strict obedience. And by obeying, we discover that the universal mind projected us for the Law, and the Law for us; men for oaks, oaks for men, one for all, and all for one another.

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wildflower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

BEDS OF ROSES

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity which, like a toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head; such are our lives, exempt from public haunt, find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."—*Shakespeare*.

One preparing to climb the magic ladder to fame and fortune can expect to obey a hardened task-master who spares neither word nor rod. Fabled sphinx never propounded such a riddle as this task-master presents to him who would leap overnight up among the stars who have achieved literary renown. What an insoluble riddle this ladder to fame and fortune has grown to be. The lower round is there plainly visible. It seems quite within the grasp of all, but when the outstretched hand seeks to grasp it, like an unsubstantial dream it fades away. Others have climbed up the magic ladder seemingly without much work; their slightest effort seems to have met with success while thousands of others who have attempted to make the same climb have not been able to mount further than the first few rounds. The great magician seems to delight in dealing out success to some and failure to others. Why should fortune go to the few? we wonder. Study the question from every conceivable angle; there is no solution of the problem.

Burns, Coleridge, De Quincy, and the rest are not entitled to all the success by any laws of primogeniture. They are not any more favored by the hand of Providence—Providence does not show any partiality to any particular son. They were men same as we, springing from protoplasmic masses just as we did; their aches and pains, hopes and fears, likes and dislikes are to be identified with ours; they walked, talked, laughed, wept, and slept, perfectly human occupations—we do all those things. We are finally satisfied that they must have been human beings. Explain if you can, then, the reason for the successes that crowned their every effort, while the efforts of others have met with dismal failure? No amount of thinking will explain the problem to the uninitiated literary beginner who seems to think that noble expression of noble thoughts must certainly flow from his pen, and that the editor is losing his capacity for making important decisions by not retaining his papers.

This apprenticeship we are serving is an important part in our mental evolution, fellow writers, and the rejection of a manuscript is not a failure unless we sit down and refuse to try again. If we go right on working in spite of our failures with the editor, we shall see that 'the uses of adversity are indeed sweet' and that success will be all the more wonderful when it comes. If you feel that you must give expression to your thoughts through writing, then by all means write, for nothing else will

ever satisfy you. There is one thing to consider, however, when you engage in this creative effort: Are you working for the sake of the financial returns, the great fame, or for the sake of the work created? John Milton labored eight years in the creation of "Paradise Lost" and his pay for that effort amounted to fifty dollars. Had John Milton considered the financial gain and not the thing created, "Paradise Lost" had never come into being. "Paradise Lost," of course, was the magic ladder on which Milton climbed to literary renown, but in the climbing neither renown nor financial success was considered. After Milton started to work on that greatest English epic poem its arrival was assured, for its author was working only for the sake of the thing created. If you are writing because the urge to create is so strong within you that neither gain nor fame is considered while you are making the creative effort, you are going to reach that goal toward which you are striving. Handicaps will not deter you. If you are interested in writing for the sake of writing, you should welcome a handicap so that you can overcome it in order to reach the goal. Handicaps are nothing but stepping stones to greater success. This philosophy sounds well when spoken and looks well when written, but the first time you fall down I think I can hear you saying:

"It is nothing more than a matter of luck with these literary stars who have had their

every effort acclaimed. I can produce good, sound reasoning, but I don't seem able to find the rose-bed in which the lucky ones slept."

These Beds of Roses upon which the great authors slept may not have been so pleasant to sleep upon. Bobby Burns with his assured reputation was anything but happy. To these great intellectuals of which Bobby Burns is representative, were fastened certain psychic disturbances which took severe mental and physical toll in every instance. These psychic disturbances or complexes, which in every case was a distorted, idiosyncratic idea dominating the realm of the unconscious, were surrounded and urged by a phalanx of primitive emotions. How these emotions dominated and overcome men like Burns and Coleridge, is a point, the seriousness of which must not be overlooked.

In Burns, the realm of the imagination caused the downfall of the brilliant mind possessing it. Because he was possessed of a vivid imagination, his mind was very sensitive to flitting moods that undermined his will-power, and in order for him to withstand the strain (of a brilliant imagination) he had to resort to alcoholic beverages. Bobby Burns met his death prematurely, the victim of a disgraceful habit. No one, however, much he might envy the authorship of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," would ever exchange his life of weary platitudes and failures for the life that Burns led.

Edgar Allen Poe was a rank neurotic. His mind was emotionally obsessed by a morbid desire for drink or drugs. It was only while he was subjected to this particular phobia brought on by whisky or opium that he was able to create the gruesome tales of mystery and horror of which Mr. Valdemar is representative. If an individual whose whole life has been spent in despondency and irritation, although he has favored us with priceless literary gems, is to be envied, then we can be envious of Poe. Could we be envious of a man who never fully emerged from the sepulchral, alcoholic peace of his cubicle long enough to consider the world as a happy place in which to live? Poe's bed of roses was punctuated by prickling thorns.

The case of the author of "The Ancient Mariner" is similar to that of Burns. Coleridge's talent was phenomenal in his youth. His subconscious mind worked as furiously as did his conscious. The fragmentary sketch, "Kubla Kahn," was a child of his dream which he began to write as soon as he awoke. Had he not been interrupted by a visitor who broke his line of thought, the world would have been favored with the whole instead of a small portion of that unique masterpiece. Coleridge became a victim of the opium habit, and this coupled with his irresolute and dreamy nature made his whole life a wasted and unfinished effort. It is hardly credible that the man who excelled all other writers of his day deal-

ing with the supernatural, should give himself up a slave to opium.

Thackeray in his "English Humorists," says that the humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretensions, imposture, your tenderness for the weak, the poor, oppressed, the unhappy. Jonathan Swift is mentioned by Thackeray as a humorist. Humorist, he may have been, but his humor was nothing short of horrible. The great Dean, who was the idol of several countries, was a misanthrope. Nothing escaped the lacerations of his bitter, scornful, raging tongue, man or beast or child. He railed against his contemporaries, the church, and all humanity. He never got pleasure but at the expense of some person else's pain. "His youth was bitter as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence," says Thackeray. "Like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in lonely exile." The whole life of this great literary genius was a peculiar combination of hate, pain and sorrow and loneliness. The fierce intellect finally gave way, and Swift spent the few remaining years of his life watched over by keepers. A vast genius, a great literary success, was Jonathan Swift, but the price he paid was a veritable "pound of flesh" from his peace of mind and happiness.

We anatomize De Quincy carefully, and examine him beneath the literary lens; we perceive him awaking after each laudanum debauchery, and stepping into the public which thinks it still notices the faint perfume of the rose-bed. We see him emerge from his periodic narcotic hermitage to sit aloof in snake-like torpidity from the envious crowd who accepts his melancholia as indicative of the master mind's pensive attitude; or we see him pushing aimlessly through apathetic crowds wondering vaguely what occasioned the dull roar in his head. This abstraction from an author of De Quincy's repute is what the crowd expects, and all is well, and the bed of roses still stands in undisturbed repose.

After all, can a man be truly successful if he has not the love of his fellow in his heart? Should a man lay claim to achievement even if he has created "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Kubla Kahn," "The Raven," or "A Modest Proposal," if his life has been made up of such assiduously fostered imperfections that living was no joy? Can it be said that any achievement is divinely wrought if it is compassed at the expense of the emotions: love, faith, charity? No matter what the world has returned to them in reward, adulation, renown, the greatest thing in life, has been denied them. In the lives of those unfortunates just mentioned, there has not been the peace and joy and the love that has characterized the lives of us who are less

gifted. None of them consciously symbolized the transcendent beauty of the Deity, or so much as awoke a profound and desolating sense of awe of the omnipotent hand that shaped them. They lived their lives without making any attempt to govern or control those base natures which man inherits from animals, and in refusing to exert control allowed the devastating natures themselves to assume control. The cloak of genius screened them from the gaze of the public eye. Safe behind this screen, they surrendered to their desires and passions; they hated, suffered, and passed on lauded by the gallery of the world who were unable to penetrate the mystic veil and see for themselves the suffering in the Beds of Roses.

The point to remember is that man is a free moral agent with powers to do whatever he wishes. If what he does should be contrary to the universal code of ethics, the still small voice will tell him about it. Should he heed the call of that insistent voice within, he has increased his moral strength and the next time the battle will not be so hard. However, should he disregard that insistent call it will be a question of time until the second nature which is breaking the law becomes the first, and immoral practices the rule. The great universal mind does not say that man must do a thing. The law is not made for the man who does not break it. Many of those literary lights whose fame has been the envy

of countless thousands were unfortunate because of their absolute disregard of the natural laws which govern the universe. There can be but one result when a natural law is violated. The violator is dealt summary justice and punishment meted out to him by the great dictator who wrote the laws. No one should ever be envious of a flagrant violator of the immutable laws of the universe; to envy one who knowingly breaks such laws is to envy a being with natural criminal propensities. Be stern and unswerving in your observance of these laws, and anything you desire will be possible. The working out of a true wish is always to be found within.

HAND AND GLOVE

"For difference is the soul of life and love
And not the barren oneness weak souls prize;
Rest springs from strife, and dissonant chords
Oftentimes beget divinest harmonies."

At the end of the main street in a mountain town stood the small white cottage where lived the widow Smith, the kindest and most charitable, and albeit, the poorest soul in the entire village. Tramps who came down the railroad back of Mrs. Smith's house never failed to stop and were never turned away hungry. Sometimes the fare was not of the best, but on those occasions Mrs. Smith herself was to be found in want.

Several doors down on the east side of the street lived the violent and mendacious-tongued Mrs. LLOY and her daughter, Pet. Across the street from Mrs. LLOY was the gambling house of big LEWS, the most cordially feared and hated renegade that ever terrorized a neighborhood. LEWS was known far and wide for his hardness. His particular specialty was breaking the law. He was guilty of almost every crime on the comprehensive calendar of crookdom from gambling to murder. It was said of him that he read the legislative records assiduously just to ascertain what the up-to-the-moment laws were so that he could go ahead and break them. He

was unscrupulous to the nth degree. He told an outraged official once that he never could break all the laws because the crazy legislators made them so fast that an honest law-breaker just couldn't do it with but twenty-four hours in a day. His whole life was nothing more than a campaign of unbridled ferocity. He was cited several times for bootlegging. When he was found guilty, the black eyes laughed mockingly under their precipice brows, and he shrugged his shoulders in supreme indifference to the tyranny of public opinion. Of the four men who arrested Lews on the last charge, two went to the hospital for a week. The other two spent several days in bed. His greatest delight lay in seeing how hard he could crack an official skull.

Mrs. LLOY and her daughter spent many happy hours in watching Lews and telling the suspicious things they saw him do. Mrs. LLOY's brother hinted that Lews was a thief, and was carried home on a shutter after the infuriated Lews had finished with him. All the thieving in the neighborhood was attributed to Lews. How could such a man make money honestly? Mrs. LLOY reasoned. A friend of Mrs. LLOY made a statement to that effect in Lews' presence once. The gambler beat him to insensibility with his hard fists and then gratuitously kicked him until his foot grew heavy with the effort. In all the world there could not be found a man more cordially hated than he. One day several

men raided Lews' place, and attempted to place him under arrest. The gambler demanded a warrant, and when they refused to present it, he resisted arrest. In the fight which followed, one of the men was killed. Lews was arrested, convicted of murder, and sent to the penitentiary for life.

During the several years covering the above-chronicled events, the kindly Mrs. Smith up on the hill had lost her health. Neighbors called occasionally, and were always surprised to find that the good woman was not in need; that she never seemed to want for the necessities of life even though she had no visible means of support. On the day that Lews was sentenced, an individual whom we shall know as Morgan was returning home from the trial late at night. It was December; the night was bitter cold, and it was snowing. Morgan noticed in surprise that a light was still burning in the window of Mrs. Smith. As he watched the tiny beacon through the flying snow, he saw the form of a man pass swiftly through the gate and approach the lone widow's house. Morgan's surprise grew. Who could be visiting an invalid lady at such an hour? he wondered, as he quickened his pace and approached the lighted window. What he saw drove the first surprised expression into a half-breathless murmur of amazement and incredulity. Kneeling beside the old lady's bed, his hand smoothing back the thin hair from the ghastly white forehead, was

the last men in the world that Morgan expected to see—Lews, the outlaw and murderer. Beside the kneeling form of the giant stood a huge basket of provisions. Morgan's eyes caught the story at a glance.

"I am going up the river on a—er—business trip, little mother," Morgan heard the harsh voice of the desperado now strangely gentle, "but I have arranged for grub and coal to be delivered here regularly."

Swift and overwhelming knowledge and the tragic futility of it all struck Morgan as he watched this playlet over which the angels could weep.

"Oh, Billie," the wavering voice of the old lady came indistinctly through the storm, "you have kept me for four long years. You are so good, and they are so cruel to you. Won't you let me tell them?"

"Not one word, little mother," Lews answered. "I am but a glove hiding the doings of the left hand. They are the right. Why should the right hand know what I do?"

Morgan turned away as if smitten by a sudden spasm. The sight he had just witnessed had made an impression on his mind ineffable and indescribable. What inexplicable and uselessly cruel caprice of fate could house a heart of gold in the breast of a renegade? For the first time, Morgan saw the hated Lews in a new and unreal light. He stood appalled in speechless disgust with the part he had played in achieving the convic-

tion of Lews, while in Lews he saw a great soul smitten and scourged, but still invested with the dignity of immortality. He knew that on the morrow he would start forces moving which would ultimately bring about the freedom of Lews; he knew that the entire countryside would vehemently criticize and oppose his action, but he would not care, and not one word would he offer in explanation for, as Lews says, "Why should the right hand know?"

The body is the lodging of the mind; it is a sort of mundane glove wherein rests the mental hand. The exterior appearance of the glove does not indicate the appearance of the hand itself. The gloves of the coal man are very black and unsightly. Pull them off and the hands are seen white and clean, devoid of the gloves' filth. External appearances are not representative of the internal. Dickens sensed this when he vested the internal heroism of Sydney Carton with the external of a renegade. The world is naught but a gigantic glove which will one day dissolve to reveal the omnipotent hand.

"The essence of the world, so attractive and splendid, is for him who looks to the bottom of it—emptiness," said Stirner. Rousseau, the precursor of revolutions, repulses while his genius intrigues. His "Confessions," his stigmatism, his misanthropy, are the gloves which hid the inner hand. But Rousseau loved children and nature while he hated all else.

The filth of the glove was not the filth of the hand. With the removal of the glove all but the cleanliness and purity within disappear. The supernal beauty of a Helen of Troy; the eldritch ugliness of a hunchback; the gorgonic terror of a Medusa, all disappear with the removal of the gloves. The natural glove of the body may have been pleasing or displeasing to the eye. Once the glove is divested, the natural qualities of beauty and health, repulsiveness and disease, are dissolved. Beauty and beast, giant and midget, man and oak, the grain of sand and the star, recognize each other, and know that their own particular gloves made them strangers.

RHETORIC

Hafiz, speak not of thy need,
Are not these verses thine?
Then, all the poets are agreed,
Thou canst at naught repine."

—*Hafiz*.

Rhetoric is the method whereby minds communicate; it is the art of mental communication which is psychic in its urge but which resolves itself into the physical by acting, writing, and speaking. It is through Rhetoric that members of a community react one upon the other. Its chief concern is with society and the relations of the individuals forming society. Rhetoric's medium is language, but upon the art of writing is the greatest emphasis placed. Men of a remote antiquity employed Rhetoric to express themselves and to convey their thoughts and feelings to their fellowmen. Primitive man conveyed his thoughts by gesture, grimace, picture writing, and dancing. The Twentieth Century methods of conveying thoughts and impressions are by architecture, sculpture, music, painting, the oral and the written word.

Self-expression is the deep, underlying urge responsible for rhetorical art. In the work of the writer is to be seen the faculties of invention and social imagination. The writer's

greatest achievement is not to be found in the creation of new thought. Thought is not new, and while it is possible to attain a certain originality in expression, yet the new combinations must repeat old thoughts. The adroit combination of old ideas with novel ways to meet new needs is the writer's greatest rhetorical creation. "Paradise Lost," one of the noblest works ever achieved by the imagination, is the repetition—the imitation of thought, of which the elegance of expression has never been equaled. Milton, the stylist, did not copy his thought from any man. Such thought processes resulting in "Paradise Lost" cannot be associated with the subject of man as man knows him. Imitate thought, Milton did, but not the thought of man. Ten men with the genius of a Milton setting about to give expression to that urge which men feel but fail to understand, would produce masterpieces similar in thought if not in style to a "Paradise Lost." And while the thoughts of all these men would be similar, no one but he with a sense of the utterly preposterous would dare accuse them of copying. Milton did not copy after Andreini or Hugo Grotius, even though there is a similarity of thought. Great thoughts by reason of their greatness must be similar or they will fail to reach that sublimity which genius demands for them. Milton says that plagiarism is the failure to improve on a borrowed thought. Every man who uses thought in any way is to be ac-

counted a plagiarist unless he improves upon his thought.

The writer has a sympathetic imagination which enables him to penetrate the minds of men, to interpret their desires, and to foresee how his words will act upon them. Socrates' interpretation of the needs of his fellow men was more the exposing of error than the revealing of truth. The great pagan moralist sought to promote the welfare of society by advocating the lofty platform of moral certitude. Socrates depicted the end of life as the commencement of reason and intelligence, and for this beautiful thought he met death at the hands of the Sophists. Socrates did not deny the expression of the great thought which came to him as a definite urge. Had he been asked to explain the urge to self-expression which killed him while it demonstrated the greatest truths known, he could not have given the explanation. What is that quality of the mind which is the highest, the deepest, the most essential—which governs all, reveals all, and urges one on without regard to physical cost? There must be an understanding between the mind of such a man and the great mind of the universe. The "Magnalia" of Cotton Mather in speaking of the most charitable soul who ever lived in the world said: "that looking over his accounts he could nowhere find the God of heaven charged a debtor there." That thought read

and re-read ten thousand times will finally explain Socrates.

A writer's highest mind or mood is his greatest achievement. Through rhetoric we become intimate with the thoughts of the greatest minds. The expressions of the personal, esoteric thoughts of a great mind addresses to the reason in figurative conceptions, phantasmagories or allegories take us into the chamber of the author and gives us permission to visit with him and listen enraptured while he gives expression to his most intimate thoughts. "Let us declare the cause," said Plato, "which led the Supreme Ordainer to produce and compose the universe. . . . He wished that all things should be as much as possible like Himself." Plato had the writer's keen realization of his readers' needs. It is the realization of the needs of the reader that shapes the rhetorical expressions of the writer and commands him to create in order to meet these needs.

In the spoken or the written word, there is a dynamic effect upon an assemblage of hearers or readers. The minds of an audience listening to a powerful speaker are fused as one, individual traits are lost for the time being and the entire assemblage is swayed as a single individual. On November 19, 1863, the cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated. During the service a great, gaunt man, stooping under the terrible burden of four years of

intense civil war, rose slowly to his feet after Edward Everett had finished the formal address of the day. Every eye watched that great shaggy head as it rose slowly, almost ponderously, above the multitude; every eye noted that face deeply furrowed with lines delineating the horror and sorrow that slumbered in that mighty heart. And then Abraham Lincoln poured out his soul to his fellow countrymen. For four short minutes the mighty soul of Lincoln leaped out and fused the minds of his hearers as one. In four minutes Lincoln told what another man could not tell in four months. There is a reason. At the time that Lincoln made his memorable speech the minds of the people who had been subjected to civil war demanded just such tonic without any knowledge of this demand. President Lincoln, as the most sorrowful figure during the great civil war, said in just four minutes what he had probably thought for four long years. No one but Lincoln could have said it with the same influence. It was the outpouring of a full heart, a heart that had been so filled up with misery and sorrow that little else was required to burst it asunder. Lincoln, in his great sympathy, his understanding, and his love felt intuitively the demands upon him by the people. His mind penetrated the minds of the people and interpreted their desires and his Gettysburg address was a direct reaction to these demands. That is the reason the individual minds

of the entire world fuse almost as one when the Gettysburg address is rendered.

Self expression on the part of the orator and the demands of the social mind are the two impulses responsible for the complete fusion of the mind of the speaker with the minds of his hearers. The rhetorical address itself is the confluence of the two urges. The hearers' desires and needs are met in the realm by the utterance of the orator. Rhetoric starts in the psychic realm first and after coming into physical being by actions, by the written or the spoken word it returns again to the realm of the psychic to remain until such physical demand arises and calls it back into material being.

CONSIDERING SUCCESS

"From thy worth and weight the stars gravitate,
And the equipoise of heaven is thy house's equipoise."—*Enweri*.

Success is the natural gift of the Infinite to the Finite. It is the natural gauge of society. In its critical balance society weighs her sons and finds them worthy or wanting. With the first projected life-image, society was born thousands of years before civilization. The birth of the microscopic amoeba in the slimy mud of a chaotic earth, witnessed the advent of society. The operation of the universal Success Law forced the amoeba away from the plant kingdom in search of food. That was embryonic society's first achievement. Through natural evolutionary processes, success has been given impossible physical aspects, and so has society. And now society, with her laws and inhibitions which success must define, condemns and praises, punishes and rewards, in a breath, simply because an atom was not content with its state millions of years ago.

Society is balanced by civilization. The gauge "success" is civilization's invention. The demands of this invention upon each individual member of society are exacting. Those of the countless called who can meet the standard, are the few who are chosen. The

fabled Phoenix is their reward; they are successful. Success is an individual standard with society. Either you are, or you are not, and if you are not, failure must be yours.

There are no means between the two extremes, no "Law of Average" to lessen the sting of the sentence. Society allows no half-success. Her definition is clear.

Society has a right to demand much of her sons who form an integral part of her in the balance of civilization. She will pay of fortune, of happiness, of fame, to all who convince her; but she must be convinced. And upon all who have convinced her, success rests securely, a natural mantle. Oedipus guessed the riddle of the Sphinx. It were no problem to answer "yes" or "no" the question of society: Are you a success? The physical aspect of success demands a certain set value standard. Those who meet this standard meet with the approval of physical society. Gold is a monetary standard, but it is limited to the narrow confines of the earth. Success goes on and on and on back to the Universal. Success might mean gold in the assumption of position which is physical, but position is not society. Gold is inorganic; so is position, but society is life, and life is the correlation of an outer and an inner force. And while success goes on and on, back to the Universal which gave the first impulse, gold and position are divested with the natural.

The "Aetna of Emotion," which dominates the whole life of man, determines also his success. One man shows a marked predilection for amassing fortune. His Aetna of Emotion is commercial in its nature. Fortune, true enough, is the "open sesame" to position, but even so, its possessor may not be able to answer "yes" to the question of society. Another man, honest and hard working, may not have the gift for amassing fortune, so that gold and position in the world are denied him. But even this man may not find it impossible to answer "yes" to the riddle propounded by society. The man of wealth is called a success because he possesses countless material things. These material things stand for success. And one day the possessor dies and disappears from the earth, but his success remains behind.

Realization of the higher things, be the possessor rich or poor, and the directing of this realization toward the service of his fellow-man—this determines success. He who possesses this gift, while he may not inherit the earth, has attuned himself for the great inheritance, the inheritance of the higher education which stands for services well rendered. Success means, then, the useful possession of the heritage of the higher education. Our savage progenitors had it, from the "ape man of Java," and the "Paleolithic savage" on through the ages. The Great Mind of the universe intended that this success should

come to all alike. But as time progressed, this heritage became distorted and unclean. The cultural whitewash of "civilization" was thrown over it like a thin veneer. Society stood all through the ages, stern and disapproving. It was the demands of civilization that forced society back into barbarism by its misapplication of the word "success."

Success is not a mystic talisman that can be grasped only by a favored few. It was given to all in the beginning. All had it until civilization ostracized it by outgrowing the Great Intelligence. It will return to all who seek it. The desire is ample cause for realization. It was this desire that caused Plato to write "The Immortality of the Soul;" that brought out the philosophic "Spectator" by Addison and Steel; that made Metternich the champion of Austria, and Chateaubriand that of the Bourbons; that demonstrated the love of Irving for New York, and Lincoln for the South; that brought out the transcendentalism of Hawthorne and Coleridge, the queerness of Poe, and the championship of a single cause by the Nazarene.

Service then is the keynote to real success. Prometheus made the gift of wisdom to humanity, and for this great service terrible punishment was his reward. It is incumbent upon each of us individually, to become a modern Hercules and cut loose the binding thongs when some more generous Chiron refuses to die. Let us waive public opinion,

and constitute ourselves teachers of Universal Power with Infinity back of us and Eternity before us. Let us make the world, which is nothing more than thought solidified by universal power, a laboratory for analyzing the human elements for future service. Emerson says:

“The world has a sure chemistry by which it extracts that which is excellent in its children, and lets fall the infirmities of the grandest mind.”

Let us seek to apply the world's chemistry in an exhaustive analysis. By so doing, the unknowns, the unwholesome infirmities, will be precipitated, leaving a base that will have favorable comparison to that first pure life that was the highest manifestation of universal power. The accentuation of the latent religious qualities will follow to the discredit of spiritual nihilism. The spirit of faith and candor will be established at the expense of cynicism. Once more we Finite images of the Infinite—by reason of our being remolded into pliant machines attuned by natural qualities of poise, harmony, reason, and sympathy with the universe—shall find ourselves possessed of that rare gift we had one time and did not recognize. We shall have learned to recognize our preference of ideas over things—our preference for active, social-service ideas over metaphysical, personal ones. We shall have been taught to play our parts in life; to be actors in this great drama that had no

beginning and can possibly have no ending. We shall have learned how to observe and criticize constructively, neither taking life seriously nor neglecting it. The natural sequence will be as certain as the immutable law of the universe: the recognition of the mind's universality. With this, follows the realization of the relation of the Finite to the Infinite, the relation of the sculptored to the sculptor.

PHYSICAL METHODS OF THOUGHT

Materialists insist upon reducing everything to certain physical bases from which is deduced hypotheses that prove all up to a point. The physical basis of the mind must be the objective consciousness which is ever attempting to seek that which is not physically to be sought; which is attempting to perform that which is physically not to be performed. But what is the tangible basis physically, of the mind? The physical basis of the mind is a vast unity of neurones bound together in the nervous system. The neurone is a tiny organism consisting of a central cell and numerous processes which extend from the cell-body in all directions. There are two kinds of extensions: the axone which conducts impressions away from the cell, and the dendrite which conducts impressions to the cell-body. It is the neurone which conducts impulses and impressions from the organs of sense to the muscles. One cold January day I stood warming my hands before a stove in a country office. I turned my head when something distracted my attention and inadvertently let my hand touch the almost red-hot stove. Quick as a flash my hand flew back even before I had time to think. The work of the neuron conducting the impression of the burn was done so swiftly, with such incredible

speed, that the answer came back and the hand was removed even before the objective mind was cognizant that the hand had been burned. This method of thought is called reflexed action and is to be entirely relied upon.

In what is known as the parietal lobe in the brain is to be found the seat of sensations received from sense organs. The seat of associations is to be found in the frontal lobe. Any injury to the area of associations means a low mental state. Should there be any lesion of the brain, naturally the powers of association are lost and one in whom this condition is prevalent has lost the ability to speak, to write, or to read. These are mental conditions which have been caused by a shock in the mental realm—a sort of paralysis of the areas, induced by an impulse conducted to the brain through the neurones. Things are remembered only through the association of ideas. If, through some cause or other, the powers of association are lost, there is a consequent failing of the memory machine. Cross your right leg over your left. Now clench your hand and strike the tendon directly below the right knee. The result will be the jerking of the right foot. Seek to control it all you will, the foot will jerk just the same, and the more you try to control it the more it will jerk. One series of neurones acting upon another is reasonable for the nervous impulse of the jerking foot.

Vibrations in the air are translated into nerve processes within the ear and hearing is the result. A sensation is stimulated in the eye and we have sight. At the top of the nasal cavity is a tiny organ which responds to sensation and gives us smell. Sensation is received through the vast multitude of neurones which conduct impressions to the brain. With the conducting of these impressions to the brain, thought processes are set in motion and man is able to feel, to taste, to hear, to see. Through these thought processes he receives his joy, his sorrow, his anger, his fear. Sensation produces the world of fact and reality to the conscious mind. This is known as inductive thinking.

Fact is used first: to indicate those things which come under our general observation in our daily lives such as mountains, trees, rivers, the clouds, etc. Next, fact indicates anything of which we may have knowledge such as hate, fear, love, emotion, sensation, etc. Reality is the method whereby fact is enlarged upon. The meaning of reality is "The World of Fact." All the trivial everyday experiences come under what is known as "The World of Fact." For example: I cut my finger and it bleeds. The fact that my finger was uncut before I went through the process of drawing the blade across it, and the fact that my finger did not bleed before I passed the edge of the knife across it, indicates that there must be some connection between

the drawing of the blade across my finger, the cutting and the bleeding. In the twinkling of an eye these impressions are flashed by the neurones to the brain and at once there is established a law of Inductive Thinking from which man is able to deduce consequences by that which has transpired in cases of direct similarity. To illustrate: I am walking down the street when suddenly a large bulldog rushes out and bites me deeply in the leg. I realize that the bite has caused me terrible pain, and each glance at the scar, once the wound has healed, repeats the unpleasant experience through which I have passed. The bulldog that bit me was large and ferocious, and by the process of induction I associate the bite on my leg with the large and ferocious bulldog; I also connect, inductively, the bulldog with a class of animals which are large and fierce and which rush out on the street and bite people as they pass; thus, every bulldog that appears in my sight strikes me as one of those savage animals which bit me sometime in the past, and I deduce that this bulldog is also a ferocious animal and that he is going to bite me. My deducing that every bulldog will bite me is the result of previous induction, and is a process of inductive thinking.

The process of reasoning from cause to effect is a character of the physical, the conscious mind only. In the realm of the unconscious, such a prolonged system of reason-

ing is not necessary. The unconscious mind knows all without complying with the conscious formality of reasoning. The unconscious owes nothing of its knowledge to sensations from without. The objective mind depends upon sensations for knowledge; it accepts only that which can be proved by accepted hypotheses. It is not possible to calculate the value of the senses and sensation. By placing a demand in the inner mental realm through the organs of sense, things can be realized before which "cause and effect" will fade away. Sensations coming through the organs of sense are definitely established principles of the conscious mind. By realizing that these entities can be used consciously for the placing of a demand in the realm of the unconscious, the great power of the universal mind can be invoked and the demand brought into being.

The senses are a marvelously intricate machine. So marvelous that we who rely upon them for all our conscious knowledge cannot comprehend them. The physical basis of the mind, the vast unity of neurones forming the nervous system, depends upon the sensations received from the senses for impulses and suggestions. An impression of love means that the suggestion which the neurones carry to the brain will be one of love. An impression of hate means that hate will be the impression carried to the mental realm. Harmful impressions mean harmful suggestions. The

neurones do not draw the line between the good and the harmful impressions; their province is to conduct impressions, not to sort them. The point to be remembered is that the conscious mind can regulate and govern almost at will, the impressions that are carried to the inner mental realm. By using all the senses for the conducting of uplifting suggestions, all harmful suggestions will be forced out and reduced to a minimum. By writing out the demand, by spelling it and reading it aloud after it has been written, every possible sense is brought into play simultaneously. There can be but one result if this is persisted in: Realization of the demand by the physical mind.

TRUTH

"If anyone is able to convince me and show that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change, for I seek the truth, by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

No statement of truth can be more than partial. To every argument there are two good sides. The side of the argument which we assume, is the truth so long as we are on that side. The moment we reverse sides—however, that moment truth reverses with us, and that side for which we had lately held loses its truth. The Finite viewpoint permits us to see but one side of an argument at a time. The ability of man to distinguish between the points of view: the "absolute" or Infinite, and the "relative" or Finite brings to him understanding and permits him to see both sides of truth. When this is compassed he is surprised to know that the things he thought were truth were in reality false, and conversely. While things are, he discovers that they are not. The most substantiated truth of nature will one day fade away and dissolve. Nature, therefore, is not real; it is not truth. The great globe upon which we live is fact from the Finite viewpoint, but this fact depends entirely upon the desire of the Infinite for being and is, therefore, not fact but a

marvelous illustration of fact. The fact itself lies in the Infinite.

If the fact of the great sphere we inhabit is fact only to we who live in the plane of the relative, then we have reason to think that we too are not fact, and that we too are marvelous illustrations of Infinite fact. How foolish it is then for man to labor with the idea of amassing fame or fortune. Fortune and fame are nothing but unsubstantial playthings and must disappear with man. The success insanity is an abnormal perversion of a true instinct. The man who strives for success with the idea of the possessions which he visualizes bringing him happiness, will awake to discover that his success has just aggravated an appetite which it is impossible to satisfy. He discovers too late that he has chained himself to the thing he created and that the child he nurtured from its infancy has become his master. Therefore, ambition for the sake of material success is abnormal. The man who works for the sake of the work—obeying the impulse to create—answering the urge of self-expression—is he in whom real consciousness is stirring. To this man comes a joy in work that no other man can get. The great creative urge which springs from the Infinite pushes him forward to achieve great things. He is happy in doing. And as he achieves, success comes to him in a financial way as a matter of natural sequence, and it is here that the first danger stalks in the offing.

With financial success comes the human desire for still greater gain. Temptations follow and oftentimes the abnormal ambition for great financial preeminence possesses him. When this eventuality arises, as it often does, it will be necessary to learn the lesson all over again until he has mastered anew the point that response to the Infinite creative urge and not ambition must be the motivating spirit. When this state of realization has been reached he will know that death and physical dissolution are relative terms which have lost their mystery and horror. He will know that death is just as natural as birth and just as much if not more for which to be happy. He will know that death is as much a manifestation of life as birth. Realization that eternity exists in the present will preclude any possibility of worry about the past or future. There will be no danger of a man living in such a consciousness becoming a slave to his own comfort. Should he be possessed of vast riches, he will be master of the riches not their slave. He will enjoy the rational pleasures of life but will retain his mastery over them; he will know that luxuries are nothing more than toys of the physical plane, and that happiness and true satisfaction come from within.

"Seek in the heart the source of evil, and expunge it. It lives fruitfully in the heart of the devoted disciple, as well as in the heart of the man of desire. Only the strong can kill it out. The weak must wait for its growth, its

fruition, its death. And it is a plant that lives and increases throughout the ages. It flowers when the man has accumulated unto himself innumerable existences. He who will enter upon the path of power must tear this thing out of his heart. And then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seems utterly to be dissolved - - - Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal. This giant weed cannot flower there; this blot upon existence is wiped out by the very atmosphere of eternal thought."

In the unconscious mind of every man are to be found appetities, passions, and desires peculiar to lower animal life. The emotions: hatred, envy, malice, jealousy, anger, desire for revenge, self-glorification are all to be found in our unconscious personalities. These are brute instincts which constantly force themselves into our objective minds. Sometimes we control them. Many times we do not. It is not to be said that these things are evil. We do not accuse the animals of evil when they betray anger or other emotions which in a human being appear wrong. These emotions while not evil, do belong to the base—the animal stage of life and were ages in the formative period. These emotions are deeply imbedded in that part of our nature which knows all without reasoning, and when they intrude upon our objective minds and are subjected to reason they appear to us as evil. The evil lies in our own abject surrender to

the brute within. If this evil nature so-called were subordinated and harnessed to our higher mental state and directed into channels of pure creative thought there would be no limit to the achievement of man.

One day some years ago a young couple were speeding along the highway between two far western cities. It was a happy day for the young people, because this was to be their wedding day. This knowledge explains somewhat the terrific speed with which the young man forced the huge car along. So swiftly did he drive that he failed to notice the "danger" signal which loomed suddenly in the road ahead; failed to hear the frantic shouts of men who rushed out and tried to attract his attention. Neither of the young couple realized that danger was imminent until the great car was catapulted like a live thing through space and hurled into a deep canyon many feet below.

By a miraculous turn of fate the young man was thrown clear of the machine into the leafy foliage of a tree from which he leaped unhurt except for a few scratches. He made his way quickly to the overturned car. He could hear the girl's voice calling him as though from a great distance, and he breathed a fervent "thank God" that she had not been killed. When he drew near the machine he saw the girl's hand reaching out from beneath the hood.

"Jack, Jack, where are you?" he heard her frantic cry.

"Here, Nell," replied the young man hoarsely as he knelt and grasped the little hand and tried vainly to peer beneath mass of iron from whence came the beloved voice. "Is there much weight on you, Nell?"

"It is growing heavier all the time, Jack," gasped the girl. "There is a little stone which is holding the weight off me. The motor caught on that, and I can see that it is slipping slowly out. Oh please get help at once."

The young man straightened up convulsively, a look of agony in his eyes. What could he do? The nearest help was ten miles away and by the time he got there and back it would be too late. The two thousand pounds of steel he saw was sinking so slowly as to be almost unnoticeable, but sinking it surely was. In a few moments the girl whom he loved better than life would be crushed to death before his eyes. A faint cry came from beneath the car.

"Oh Jack," cried the girl piteously, "it is crushing me, it is crushing me—Oh my breast—I can't breathe—Oh—Oh—God help me."

Quick as a flash the young man bent over and seized the ponderous mass of steel in his hands. He rose slowly, and when he rose the mass of steel rose with him. With a mighty shove he flung the car aside as though it were nothing more than a stick of wood, and seized

the sobbing and badly frightened though unhurt girl in his arms.

Hours later the combined efforts of a crew of six men were unable to lift the car that the young man himself had lifted alone.

What is the secret of this great power that comes rushing into the being of a man when he feels the greatest need of such power? Had the young man sought to reason the thing out, he had never attempted to lift the car unassisted for his reason would have advised him that such a feat was impossible. The secret of this sudden flood of almost unlimited power lies among the so-called brutish instincts, the evil desires and tendencies of the unconscious. Sex has been spoken of by many as unholy and evil, yet had it not been for that great altruistic urge, the young girl would have been crushed to death beneath the ponderous machine. By recognizing these desires and urges, and by consulting them and directing them into pure creative channels, there is no goal which man cannot reach. Time itself will fade away before the harnessed powers of the unconscious.

In the realm of the Infinite, there is no such thing as time. There is no *past*, *present*, or *future*. There is nothing but *now*. Admit the thought of *now* to our conscious minds and yesterday, today and tomorrow fade away and disappear. What is time where there is no such thing as time? What would be the difference between a day and ten thousand days

where time is not? It is a thought before which reason will not stand. Before the conscious mind can admit such a ponderous thought and decide as to its acceptability, it must learn to grow.

"Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly, anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal. But it must be the eternal that draws forth your strength and beauty, not desire for growth. For in the one case you develop in the luxuriance of purity; in the other, you harden by the forcible passion for personal stature."

Man was created, and by man is man created. The apparently unattainable is man's goal. To the small child, the goal of manhood is far removed; to the caterpillar, the goal of the butterfly is a long, dreary journey. Yet, the natural end of children is manhood just as the natural end of a caterpillar is a butterfly. So the natural end of the consciousness is subconsciousness; the natural end of the material is the spiritual; the natural end of the Finite is the Infinite; the natural end of birth is death and all the natural ends lead to the beginning of the real life. Every road will finally reach the same destination. Some roads are much shorter than others, and it depends upon the understanding of the individual traveler whether or not he is ready for the quick journey by the short road. If he is not yet ready, he must journey by the

longer road and learn while he advances; so that he will be ready for the realization that comes with the journey's end.

"Seek it not by any one road. To each temperament there is one road which seems the most desirable. But the way is not to be found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life. None alone can take the disciple more than one step onwards. All steps are necessary to make up the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder one by one as they are surmounted."

Man's conscious mental faculties in attempting to gratify all the desires that come with the taking of control by the mental, soon discover that happiness comes not by this gratification. The human intellect does not seem capable of recognizing any intelligence higher than itself. It seeks to fathom the base passions and desires and urges solely by reason without considering the highest intellect which does not reason. There is no solving of the problem by the conscious and reasoning mind unless the conscious mind will unfold into a higher intellect. This unfoldment can be brought about by a desire to learn the truth and seeking for it. When it is realized that the human body is the soul in physical being, the higher mental consciousness is already well advanced.

This higher consciousness is a question of development by conscious mental exercise just as a higher and stronger physique is reached by performing certain physical exercises. One of the methods for courting the higher mental consciousness is to place the body in a restful position; so that there is no physical strain. An easy chair will do, though physical lassitude is more readily induced by stretching out on a couch. See that the clothes are loose-fitting. Breathe deeply and rhythmically, and meditate upon your Real, Inner Self. Think of yourself not as a physical body, but as a being entirely independent of the body. Think of yourself as being capable of leaving the body you inhabit whenever you so desire. You are not really a body, but a soul living in a physical body, and at any time you wish you can leave the body and delve into the higher realm of thought. Think of the body as a resting place for the real You. Think of yourself as a being independent of the resting place called the body and exercising full control over the body. While engaged in that thought get completely away from all thoughts of You as a physical entity. This exercise is particularly efficacious for strengthening the feeling of super-consciousness. It will work on the most pronounced skeptic because it is governed by a law of the mental realm that is as immutable as any other universal law. By performing the exercise, the demand is placed in the inner mental realm, and the great and

mysterious power of the universe is at once invoked.

By following such an exercise, a gradual unfoldment takes place in the mental realm. As the unfoldment progresses, the conception of God advances. With the growth of the inner consciousness, it is perceived that God has generally been accepted by man as man magnified. The God of the savage is as real as our own God. The development of the inner consciousness points out good in all forms of religion; it demonstrates the worship of Deity in the Monotheism of the ancient Hebrew; the Anu, Bel, and Hea of the Mesopotamians; the Phoenician Baal; the Greek Zeus; the Indian Buddha. The new mental advancement will not tolerate a contempt for the ancient religions, nor a hatred for a present-day religion not our own. The new consciousness points out to the possessor that he is to be identified with all life; that he is an important and necessary cog in the great machinery of life; that he is in touch with, and a child of nature in every conceivable form. To this man comes the feeling that he could reach out into space and clasp to his heart the entire solar system, the sun, moon and stars, the earth; for in them he sees the same universal power which manifests in him. He feels a conscious willingness to trust blindly in that awful power which unerringly directs the course of the stars, and he feels that the same power is guiding his own tottering footsteps

through the black pit-falls of life. Newman must have had a like feeling when he wrote:

“Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me,
Lead thou me on.”

Man learns the truth through association. Association must come through thought processes. By engaging in the thought process of hate, he places himself upon the plane of hatred where he receives all the hurtful suggestions of hate that come with living on that plane. By living only to cheat and defraud people, he places himself on that plane where he will be open to suggestions of a like nature. In both instances he will find that the method whereby he has learned these truths are very costly. The psychic machinery cannot be tampered with without the following of certain results which are defined in the conscious mind of man. The explanation is: that by conscious direction of thought the mental plane upon which a man is to live can be determined. Direct the thought into the channel of kindness and love and charity. The psychic machinery will grind out the result and it will be one of kindness and love and charity. And to the men who understand these laws fame and fortune comes unsought and unwanted.

Fame and position and financial preeminence are toys with which mighty men refuse to be intrigued. These men have established themselves on the plane where they respond to the creative urge for the sake of that which is created, and the material gain of fame and fortune which follows are so many baubles to be cast aside. The inhabitants of that plane of mental consciousness enjoy everything for the reason that they depend on no person or thing but upon the great inner consciousness; they create for the sake of the thing created and not for the desire of reward. Said Arnold:

"No man shall escape from act,
By slumbering action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfection.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling into act. . . ."

Man's greatest work is to solve the riddle propounded by the great sphinx of Infinity. The origin and end of existence occupies all their thinking hours and gets them nowhere. No reason will admit of an object springing from nothing and extending into time without end. A crocodile that exists, exists only because it sprung from pre-existing crocodillian forms. Protoplasm exists only because it has sprung from pre-existing protoplasmic forms. No conscious reasoning can transcend the interval between the formation of the first protoplasmic form and that from which the

first form sprung. Conscious reasoning will not permit something to spring from nothing. There is no basis for life here. How can anything be real that owes its source to scientific unreality? And thus, from one mountain top to another the conscious reasoning jumps until it is lost in the clouds of metaphysical obscurity. The trouble is that truth is being sought from the conscious mind only. The explanation is not to be found there, for the answer lies within the realm of the great inner consciousness. Men demand some physical idea of the great truth for which they have been seeking. The most fertile imagination cannot draw the picture. If there is neither beginning nor end, at what point in the limitless void is one to start? A cross driven into the ground with the four arms extending on and on, billions upon billions of miles without end, might serve as a faint physical idea as to the immensity of the thought. The conscious mind quails before such magnitude, but it need not, for the inner consciousness dwarfs by comparison the illimitable conception of the cross whose bars extend for ever and ever.

The materialist accepts no effect that has no definite cause; he goes on record as not giving credence to the idea of God, and when asked as to his idea of the source of matter he is forced to reply that it has existed forever. He cannot explain why the great effect of matter is without cause. The intellect must finally admit that there is one effect without

cause and that is the great cause itself, and that this great cause manifests itself in matter, force, and mind. The great, glowing sun sends out multitudinous rays which manifest light and heat. Each small ray is a part of the great body from which it springs and is directly traceable to that body. If it were not for each small ray, the sun would not be complete. The universe is a living, pulsating, thing which is directly traceable to the causeless cause. You and I are important parts of this great universe. We occupy the same position to the glowing mental center that the ray occupies to the sun. Within each individual atom in the universe the great cause repeats itself. Each atom manifests potentialities of Divinity. Without each individual atom, the great cause would not be complete. Everything in the universe is necessary to complete the whole.

Man's imperfect reasoning and his erring understanding cause him oftentimes to break the great system of Ethics which has been established in accordance with the demands of natural law. The conscious realization of unity with the Universal Mind will never come so long as the code of ethics instituted by that mind is being broken. Justinian's Code presents to us a well-defined theory of ethics which, if followed, might well contribute toward the establishing of this sought-for unity. "Live honestly; hurt nobody; and render to everyone his due," said the great

Roman law-giver. Yet temptations, the impulse to do evil, arise and once again the code is broken. The temptations which cause us to break the ethical code, spring from the mind wherein are seated the animal passions, tendencies, and desires. These emotions are a natural heritage of the past and cannot be called "evil" for, at one stage of growth it is probable that they were the highest "good" in our mental conception. The urge of the higher consciousness, however, as compared to the urge of the lower, paints a bad picture of the inhabitants of the lower conscious realm, and what appeared as good and necessary at one time now appears as evil and unworthy. It is not a sign of weakness nor of wickedness to feel the urge of the brute within.

The temptations which arise with the stirring of the brute are probably the impulses to repeat some past experience, possibly when those experiences were deemed necessary to the well being. Now, upon the approach to a higher mental consciousness, the experiences which were good in a lower stage of mental development appear as evil. The next higher stage will probably reduce the experiences of the present stage to evil likewise. Good and evil therefore, are comparative terms. Among the first savage tribes it was not considered evil to kill or steal provided the killing and stealing were done outside the confines of the tribe. The only objection to killing a fellow tribesman lay in the fact that it weakened the

combative strength of the tribe. Therefore the idea grew that killing was wrong if the murdered man was a fellow tribesman. That might shock our finer sensibilities, yet in the Twentieth Century, nations refuse to permit their citizens to murder citizens of other nations without war having first been declared. By resorting to the simple expediency of declaring war, killing is made legal; and odious murder clothed in the bright and shining garments of patriotism, is made to appear a sacred and righteous duty. The idea of right and wrong in the Twentieth Century B. C. does not differ from the Twentieth Century A. D. idea. The only difference is, the present age is blessed with civilization and science, and is thus more apt at coining artistic excuses.

The criminal who terrorizes society is nothing more than a barbarian with no greater mental advancement than the savage who could murder whom he would outside his own tribe. From our own advanced mental stage we look on the acts of the criminal as evil. The intelligent savage of ages long past however, would have had nothing but highest praise for the criminal. The criminal is not able to observe our advanced code of ethics; he is still living mentally in an age long past. No one would think of punishing a man for falling down in the street and breaking his leg. We know that he did not deliberately inflict the injury upon himself; that the conditions

which led to the breaking of his leg were in no wise controlled by him; that at no time did he consider himself guilty of perpetrating a wrong upon society because he happened to be subjected to an unfortunate accident. The criminal is punished when he is no more to blame for what he did than the man who fell and broke his leg. Restrain the criminal, but do not commit a greater crime by inflicting punishment on him for a condition of mind that sprung unbidden from the mental stage of a remote antiquity into his consciousness. Restrain the criminal from pursuing his natural instincts; educate him; reform him; show him that his desires which were right in the year five thousand B. C. are wrong in the Twentieth Century; show him the method of and the reason for controlling the beast within.

The difference between the lowest, vilest criminal and the highest, and most exalted personage living on earth is in the degree of recognition only. Were the criminal's recognition advanced so as to equal that of the highest moral character, his moral tendencies might easily outshine those of the highest. The criminal misapplies his energies; he is only a genius gone wrong, and society with their grotesque idea of right and wrong kill him in the name of justice and law. In a future period, the present mental consciousness of society will advance, and that which was done and considered right on the present plane will not be considered so from the more

advanced plane. One of these recognized wrongs will be the punishment of the criminal. From that higher plane of thought, society will realize that the criminal is a combination of the atoms of either the same as they, and that his ideas of right and wrong were formed as the result of a distorted comparison over which he had no control. Then, and then only will society earn the right to reclaim this misguided citizen to her ranks.

Searching for the truth finally uncovers the solution. The understanding of the ray means the understanding of the sun; the knowledge of the wave means a knowledge of the mighty ocean; search your own mind and knowledge of the illimitable ocean of Universal Mind is yours. Therein lies the secret of all truth.

CO-OPERATIVE IMPULSE

"The ideal is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape the same ideal out of—O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: The thing thou seekest is already within thee, 'here or nowhere, couldst thou only see it.' "—*Carlyle*.

The universe is like a great leyden jar stored with illimitable energy awaiting the co-operative impulse that is to discharge it. With each discharge of the universal leyden jar, some great fact manifests itself. Every great thought and accomplishment of ages long past and ages yet to come are stored therein. Every achievement of man in the realm of science, of art, of invention, is a manifestation of discharged energy from the great leyden jar of the universe. The discharge of this boundless energy is compassed by man through his co-operation. Alexander's co-operation discharged the energy which wrought the mighty city of Alexandria, capital of Egypt; the co-operation of Hadrian was responsible for the discharged energy resulting in the magnificent Hadrian Villa; the co-operation of Fulton discharged the energy which resulted in the steamboat. Every thought which comes into being as a fact

existed in the universal leyden jar, and awaited only the discharge which would liberate it. Every achievement which comes to our attention is indicative of individual co-operation; of individual conformity with fact. Every conformity with fact is truth, and truth is not new. Five thousand years ago there existed in the great universal leyden jar the same power that is responsible for the aeroplane and the radio, yet the aeroplane and the radio are facts which did not come to light until the Twentieth Century. For all these centuries the powers represented by the aeroplane and the radio lay stored in the universal leyden jar awaiting the co-operative impulse of the individual that was to discharge the energy and direct it into channels usable to humanity. All that was necessary to enlist those energies represented by the aeroplane and the radio five thousand years ago was the recognition of the universal laws and proper co-operation. All that is necessary now to enlist those eternal principles of the universe in our favor is our willingness to co-operate.

The work of the Omnipotent Creator is without flaw. In accordance with His eternal principles every human being has been endowed with omnipotent powers. All that is required to bring out these Divine attributes, is co-operation on the part of the individual. Co-operation with the Divine principle through concentration means the active manifestation of this power in the consciousness.

Man is a soul occupying for a period a small body of animated clay. Must man be subservient to that body because he is calling it home for the time being? Who is to be the ruler, the man or the slave? There are no conditions in man's life that he does not bring there through thoughts or actions of his own. Love, hate, fear, health, disease, all evolve from an impulse in the mental realm. Continued disease or failure or unhappiness should not be manifested in any human being. The proper suggestion to the realm of the unconscious will give the impulse which will evolve in the physical life the condition of health and success and happiness. Man is not the result of accident or chance. He was divinely created, and he has within himself potentialities of divinity. How absurd for man to think that any condition other than health, success and happiness was intended for him. Man is a creator, and when he creates he manifests those powers of the Great Mind in whose image he was shaped.

On the banks of the Ganges, one thousand years before Christ, the ancient Hindus recognized the supremacy of the power within. The ancient lawmaker, Menu, said:

"To a man contaminated by sensuality, neither the Vedas, nor liberality, nor sacrifice, nor strict observances, nor pious austerities, ever procure felicity — Let not a man be proud of his rigorous devotion; let him not, having sacrificed, utter a falsehood; having made a

donation, let him ever proclaim it —By falsehood the sacrifice becomes vain; by pride the merit of devotion is lost —Single is each man born, single he dies, single he receives the reward of the good, and single he receives the punishment of his evil deeds —By forgiveness of injuries the learned are purified; by liberality, those who have neglected their duty; by pious meditation, those who have secret thoughts —Bodies are cleansed by water; the mind is purified by truth; —the understanding, by clear knowledge —The soul itself is its own witness, the soul itself is its own refuge; offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of man —O friend to virtue, the Supreme Spirit, which is the same as thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness.”

In those centuries before Christ, the Brahmans advanced in their teachings some great certitudes which convince us that human minds in all ages approach the ethical truths even where scientific speculation fails. The moral obligation is not lost among the lowest barbarians. Virtue is esteemed by the wildest savage. The sense of love, honor, duty, shame, prevail in the minds of the most ignorant. To steal the stone hammer of the savage was an act that brought upon the thief the detestation of the entire tribe. To the ancients the outward rite was folly. The motive of the inner being alone spoke wisdom.

“Whoever loves will feel the longing to save not himself alone, but all others,” said Siddhartha.

Love is the great universal power of the Omniscient Mind. From this power all other powers in man spring. The great leyden jar is surcharged with it. He in whom the destructive emotions of hate, fear, anger, vice, manifest themselves, has not accepted the greatest gift which the Infinite offers the Finite. It is only through the avenue of love that there can be an inflowing of Omniscience. Love is the progeny of truth; ignorance begets selfishness and greed, malice and hate. Viciousness and disease are children of ignorance, for both disappear when true wisdom comes in. If health is wisdom and truth, then disease is ignorance. Nine-tenths of all the conceivable ailments today owe their origin to the mind. The subjective mind is the mental storehouse. In this vast realm are stored all our memories of the past. Our successes, our failures, our sorrows, our unhappiness, our mistakes, our worries are faithfully catalogued and filed away therein. Everything that was ever experienced in life has been indelibly recorded in the subjective. The subjective is responsible for the continual state of dread in which hundreds of individuals labor. The dread of dark spaces, of the fires of hell, of poverty in old age; the dread of sickness and disease and death is not physical but mental and rises in the subjective mental realm. There is an

endless list of physical ailments and symptoms that can be traced to unconscious ideas, and these ideas influence the human conduct in a manner unruly and disturbing. Stammering, neurasthenia, hiccough, rapid respiration, diabetes, auto-intoxication are a few of these disorders. Others are loss of appetite, cardiac palpitation, insomnia, etc. While no psychoanalyst would claim that in every case the above derangements could be attributed to disorders in the unconscious, yet it is true in the great majority of cases that these disorders would disappear entirely once the mind could penetrate the subconscious and reveal the cause.

Those strange and compelling fears and anxieties are emotional obsessions which have developed in the unconscious. Fear of open and closed spaces; fear of thunder and lightning; kleptomania, impulse to steal; pyromania, impulse to set things on fire; arithomania, impulse to count everything, all are manifestations of anxiety hysteria. In some individuals this anxiety manifests itself forcibly in constant fear of impending death. While the individual may never admit it, yet his obsession is founded upon a superstitious belief that his evil wishes are the most potent forces in the mental realm. In cases where this fear has reached an acute stage, violent gastro-intestinal disturbances result. The stomach cannot digest the food; the nights are fraught with one horrible fear after another; the nervous

system cracks under the terrific strain, and oftentimes the thoughts of this subject whose greatest fear is death, turns to suicide. The grim inconsistency escapes him, for the prospect of being damned in another world is even less appalling than the forbidding reality of this. The subject who allows this condition to continue in his mental realm is comparable to a high-powered motor car that, without a driver at the wheel, is rushing at terrific speed along a crowded highway. Unless he takes decisive command and repossesses himself of the wheel of his mental motor car, there is bound to be a crash sooner or later. Who is going to do the driving, the car or the driver? Who wields the chisel and hammer, the sculptured or the sculptor? The fear of death which works such havoc in the minds of many is the most futile fear of all.

"What has become of all great and famous men, and all they desired and loved? They are smoke and ashes, and a tale," was said by a man who has been dead over seventeen centuries. Had I been alive to have heard Marcus Aurelius say those words, I too would have been dead seventeen centuries. If I have no wish to exist seventeen centuries past, why should I worry over existence seventeen centuries hence? When Hengist and Horsa led their Saxon pirates to the defence of the Britons fourteen hundred years ago; when Ahab seized the vineyard of Naboth, and the great hyperborean giant, Peter the Great,

seized Azof, I was still asleep in the cradle of Infinity. The world gave no thought to me nor I to it. In a few short years I again will sleep in the cradle of Infinity, and while just as mysterious as my former sleep when Cyrus and Alexander fought for military glory; Marius and Sylla for political aggrandizement; Constantine and Theodosius for unity and self-defence, yet this last sleep will be none the less restful, and the world will probably think of me—none the less.

In spite of the knowledge that the order of the universe is expressed in continuity and not in cataclysm, that fear of death which has been inherited from our ante-diluvian ancestors still persists. Says Stirner: "I and what I fear are one and inseparable. I am my fear; my fear is me." Continued fear as has been previously pointed out, will finally manifest itself in the physical being in any number of serious disorders. These disorders have not been occasioned by accident nor chance. In the psychic and physical realms there is no accident nor chance. If there exists a serious derangement in either realm, in either case there has been a reaction to some great negative force. It is a positive force only that will finally bridge the chasm, release the prisoners in the subjective, banish the fears and phobias, and effect a cure. Positive force is brought to bear upon the subjective simply through the isolation of thought; by co-operating with the subconscious. Archimides said that all he

needed to move the world was a fixed point outside it. It is the fixed idea, the isolation of thought which stands for positive force that will penetrate the subconscious and make the thought a positive fact.

There is no limit to the power in the realm of the subconscious. With the illimitable powers of the leyden jar of the universe upon which to draw, man's own powers become illimitable. It is this vast subconscious power which built the human body from the almost invisible cell to its present perfect form. It is this power, which, over the gigantic mass of neurones called the nervous system, directs and controls the body; causes the heart to beat, the stomach to digest food, the liver to perform the endless chemical experiments responsible for sugar and bile. All this the subconscious does through the power of thought. In stooping to recover a book which has fallen to the floor, the muscles employed in the act, respond to objective thought. In the same manner, the muscles of the involuntary system respond to subconscious thought. This great and mighty power of the subconscious lies stored in each individual waiting for the objective mind to co-operate with it in working out the finest possible health and success and happiness. All the co-operation needed is the desire for the thing, fixation of attention upon the thing desired, concentration, and suggestion; the great and mysterious power of the subconscious does the rest.

The subconscious is unreasoning, and any suggestion which reaches it will be accepted and worked into fact even though it is not true according to the objective mind. Thus, if the mind holds in isolation the thought, "I am getting well," the physical being responds to the thought and the condition of health will manifest itself if the thought is persistently held. By holding in single fixedness the thought, "I am getting well," it is isolated from all other thoughts of the mental realm and is able because of this isolation to pass through the tumultuous region of the subjective and penetrate the subconscious where it realizes itself. The mental law governing this positive condition is as immutable as the law of gravitation.

If it is desirable to bring about the condition of better health, the method here prescribed will prove very efficacious in achieving that result. Place the demand in the mental realm, and at once that mysterious power of the subconscious is invoked and those mighty forces are set in motion to bring about the desired condition. First, write out the demand. There is a reason for this which can readily be seen. When it is necessary to send a telegram, the telegrapher always insists that the message be written. The reason is obvious. Were this not done, the chances are many to one that the message would be confused with the other hundreds of messages being sent, and probably would be sent out

incorrectly or not at all. In order to make certain that the message will be delivered, it must be isolated from all other messages. Write out the demand which is to be sent to the subconscious. Spell out the words as they are written and pronounce them aloud. By this method, every possible sense is called into play in directing the message to the subconscious, and if the plan is persistently followed, the subconscious will receive the demand and work it into fact. That is the law.

Those afflicted with chronic anxiety, constant feeling of impending evil, and other disturbances indicative of a repression in the unconscious should first ascertain whether or not the disturbances might be physical only. If they are physical, they will of course respond to medical treatment. If there is no response to medical treatment, then the chances are that the seat of the trouble lies in the unconscious mental realm, and no amount of medicine will ever reach it. Deep down in the subjective is buried the repression which causes the trouble, and once this repression is brought to light and discovered, it ceases to be a repression. With its discovery the alarming nervous symptoms will disappear, and the life of the individual will assume its usual rational tenor.

It is imperative that the subject setting about to relieve a certain disorder occasioned by unconscious repression, should realize the

power of suggestion. The law of suggestion is one of the immutable laws of the universe. Follow the law to the letter even though it is not at all understood, and things must happen. That is the law, and law is a rule of action laid down by authority. No one understands the mysterious operations of the law of gravitation, yet no one doubts it. He who feels inclined to doubt it will find his doubts forcibly dispelled should a baseball fall fifty feet to strike him on the head. He will no longer doubt the law of gravitation even though he still fails to understand it. Accept the law of suggestion without doubt and perform the simple experiments even though the principles are not understood. By a persistent practice of the formulas, understanding and knowledge, and the desired result will come. As pointed out before, write the demand which is to be sent to the inner mental realm. Spell it out as it is written and pronounce it aloud. This method invokes the great power of the subconscious through every possible sense, and at once the awful, mysterious forces are set in motion to bring about the realization of the demand. Every day for the first week write out and hold the following thought:

“Everything that was, is, or ever will be is good, because it was divinely created. Every desire or longing that I ever had was an important part of my life and was good because they were gifts of the Infinite. Whatever I thought about these longings or desires then,

I know now that they were not things of evil but good. I know that these divine gifts were necessary to make my existence perfect, and I hereby demand of my subconscious that they be returned to me that I might use them for the purpose intended by Him who created them and gave them to me to use."

By writing out the above demand and pronouncing the words aloud as they are written, the thought is isolated from all the other thoughts of the objective mind and is hammered into the inner mental realm. With the first performance of this experiment, the demand as stated is placed in the mental realm, and before many days there will be an insistent call made upon the subjective wherein are locked the prisoners which the subject is seeking to liberate. After holding the above line of thought for a week, the subject will be ready to undertake another test which, while it seems almost absurdly simple, will nevertheless prove most effective. The subject fixes his mind upon the disorder which manifests itself in his body, and then goes back as far as he can mentally to the point where the disorder first appeared. Write it down and spell it out as it is written, pronouncing it afterward. This will call forth in the mind many other thoughts through the process of association of ideas. Write down those thoughts also, spelling and pronouncing aloud the words as they are written. These thoughts may recall still other thoughts and so on until

they come into the consciousness in an almost endless train. The thoughts which come flocking into the objective consciousness may appear trivial and irrelevant, but write them down nevertheless, regardless of their apparent triviality, for in such a test every single idea that comes is an important step in the final evolution of the thought in the association area of the mental realm, and must not be overlooked. Try the test again the next evening, the next, and the next, and so on. It may be that the same path will be covered at every trial, but progress is being made in the inner realm notwithstanding every objective argument to the contrary. That is in strictest accordance with the law governing the test. The law says that knowledge is power. That is true, but the power in the leyden jar is useless until it has been discharged. No knowledge of power will amount to anything so long as the knowledge is not used. Use the knowledge, co-operate with the power by the performance of the tests, and the desired result must come. That is also the law. There will come a day when some long forgotten experience will come rushing violently into the objective consciousness. The memory of that experience may cause intense anger, or grief, or shame, but the fact that the forgotten experience is alive in the memory means that its repression no longer exists in the unconscious. With the revival of this memory, unpleasant thought it may be, all the nervous

disorders, anxieties, and fears clustering around the unconscious mental realm will have been dissipated; the troublesome physical disorders will disappear, and the conscious mind will once more be collected and calm, conscious of its power to rule.

A man of thirty who had lived his life as far back as he could remember in constant fear of impending death had the above method explained to him. After following the plan outlined to him for some time, he was able to trace his trouble back to a scare to which he had been subjected at the age of two. Through the association of ideas which the formulas brought about, everything that took place that day many years ago was recalled from the subjective and presented in minute details to the conscious mind. The memory of the fear which had been his when a disreputable old man had threatened to eat the baby of two years, came to him so forcibly that it seemed a screaming reality. His next reaction was terrible anger at the thoughtless old man who had sought to discipline the child and had almost wrecked its life. With the revival of the memory of that ancient fear, all the nervous disorders, fear of impending death, and physical derangements disappeared as though by magic. The seat of the trouble in the subjective had been reached and torn out simply by following the plan detailed above.

The whole secret is a persistent application of the law. By moving along the lines indi-

cated by the formulas, the subject feels a growing confidence. This confidence keeps on growing, and finally without warning the demand is realized. Success of the plan depends upon the willingness of the individual to co-operate with the subconscious mind. If the objective mind refuses to try the plan that will reach the subconscious and discharge all that power in his favor, then, so far as he is concerned, there might not be any subconscious mind. It is the co-operation with the great power; the conforming with the great fact that will bring the results desired. The ideal and the impediment are in the man. Whichever condition continues to manifest in his being, he has himself to thank.

THE TEST OF NATURE

"The charm dissolves apace,
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
Their understanding
Begins to swell: and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy."

There is unity in Nature. Everywhere is this unity visible. No unity as indissoluble as Nature's can be regarded as phenomenon and not substance, nor can it be regarded as accident. Such unity as is here visible results not from accident nor chance; it is fact and substance; it is the universal tablet within which appears the writing of the Universal Mind. The interpretation of this writing comes only with individual preservation of this unity.

Nature offers the only complete and articulate conception of cosmic phenomena. The relations and connections of phenomena that escape the scientist, and the misleading interpretations of the theologian are detected by Nature. The only definite postulate by which the study of knowns and unknowns can be pursued is contained in Nature. Within her eternal principle there is a dissolution of the unknowns that offers a com-

prehensive definition to Man. The Absolute, Space, Time, Matter, Force, Motion, are all defined in Nature; within the eternal principle they are not unknown. In Nature there is nothing of the miraculous and supernatural. The terms are applicable only to Man who is not of the unity of Nature and consequently is unable to accept the eternal principle's assigned cause for the origin of phenomena. To us who are not one with this unity the creation of the universe is miraculous and supernatural. Nature's understanding is not our understanding, hence her explanation cannot be understood. Within the eternal principle of Nature is contained not only the law but the cause of genesis. Herein is the explanation of the gradual or catastrophal origin of things, and this explanation is not equivocal.

Nature explains the cause of all things; she likewise explains the agency of causes. Theories, dogmas, and creeds which attempt to advance explanations that rest only with the eternal principle are dissipated by Nature's unfailing analysis. Nature recognizes the true scientist as the historian of events rather than of causes that originate change. The moment the scientist attempts to become the historian of causes that originate change, that moment he is taking upon himself the province of Nature, and, depending upon the degree that he has attempted to assume that identity, he has become an un-

true scientist. The random misconceptions, the false interpretations which are offered in explanation of life have no place in Nature's scheme. The eternal principle is built of nothing but truth; it owes its existence and its eternity to truth; the love, wisdom, and truth of Nature exist not in the abstract conceptions of untrue science, nor the random misconceptions of a false theology. Between such theology and such science there will always be controversy. In Nature there is no controversy; thus the untrue scientist and the false theologian have no place in Nature.

If the science is true, its methods must likewise be true. Nothing that is basically sound can employ unsound methods and still maintain its soundness. If the method of physical science is a true method, it observes and inducts facts within its own province without attempting a criticism of that which it cannot explain out of its province. The criticism of a used method without a logical explanation is not lost on Nature. It fails to meet her test of wisdom or of truth. The science cannot be true if its methods are false. On the other hand, no theology is true that fails to see in every established scientific fact, a testimony to the Omnipotent Hand which fashioned the universe. Either the scientist or the theologian who fails to see the other's principles manifested in the great fact of Nature, is erring in observation, induction, or interpretation. If the scientist refuses to see

reason in biblical records; if the theologian will not recognize the tribute to God in scientific developments, both are basing their judgment on error; neither can hope long to endure. They must wait until they are admitted to that higher plane of thought where the physical aspects of science and theolog are dissolved before they can see that the real truth is contained in Nature. With this dissolution of the physical, every last semblance of variance between science and religion disappears. At once there is a general readjustment of the facts of science and scripture on the plane of thought where all is conformity. Science no longer takes precedence over biblical declarations, nor raises questions regarding the mysticism of divine authority. Theology no longer raises the cry of infidelity against science, nor sees in it direct conflict with biblical statements. The higher plane of thought has dissolved the error of both scientist and theologian; the seeming discrepancies of both have disappeared; conflict, and confusion, and controversy have vanished. Both can see in the other a conformity with fact which apparently had not before existed. The theologian knows that science which does not conform with scripture is not science but speculative theory. The scientist realizes that scripture which fails to conform with science is not scripture but an erroneous interpretation of scripture. With the setting aside of speculative theories and erroneous interpre-

tations the scientist and the theologian discover a unity where all had been conflict before. Nature's test can now be met, for where there is unity there exists the natural qualities of love, wisdom, and truth.

Once the scientist and the theologian set aside the speculative theory and the false interpretation, there comes a true understanding of the relations between the two great physical facts: Man and Nature. With the calm reason born of Nature, the scientist is able to see that his most treacherous enemy is the hypothesis; for the hypothesis forces him from the established base of physical fact and plunges him into the uncertainties of speculation where it is the habit to establish facts by alleged plausible conjectures, or to establish them by shaping them to the hypothesis.

From a Heidelberg sand pit was unearthed a single jaw-bone, and about this unromantic find science has constructed the huge, hairy-armed, apish *Homo Heidelbergensis*, "The Heidelberg Man." About an unsupported jaw-bone dug from a Heidelberg sand pit, science has woven a tale of wonder and romance which is as absurd as it is imaginative. How would these same scientists who extract such profound knowledge from a crumbling jaw-bone proceed, should they discover a lone door-knob buried in a dump hole? Would they construct a gigantic sky-scraper around

the rusty, crumbling knob solely upon the strength of its imagined history?

With the application of Nature's unfailing test, the scientist sees such idle speculation fall by the wayside. He learns, moreover, to be modest in his assertions of theories which in the near future may prove the hypothesis untenable or so modify the facts responsible for the construction of the hypothesis that they are unrecognizable. The theologian learns not to condemn a scientific theory on alleged biblical authority, for many interpretations of the Bible have been as empirical and speculative as many hypotheses. Nature discloses that, with the failure of an hypothesis or an interpretation, the Bible and its true interpreter and the true scientist are greatly strengthened thereby. Both, scientist and theologian, learn that true scientific facts and true biblical interpretations must conform. With this conformity comes the only true idea of Man and Nature. Any other idea without this conformity is false. Any other idea is destructive to the unity of Nature.

There is no discord between the scientist and the theologian regarding matter in its inactive state. In its state of inactivity, matter was dark, cold, and lifeless. Until force was introduced to matter, thereby bringing about activity, it was without life. With the disturbed action of the molecules, matter lost its inactive state and the first light was produced. The first light of day was the

visible effect of disturbed molecules. The scientist and theologian who have been admitted to the higher plane of thought in Nature's eternal principle and are thus able to meet Nature's test must agree on the acceptability of that thought. If there is no agreement, one or both are in error, and their preachment likewise is error. What power persuaded the molecules to action? Any answer to this question must meet Nature's test of love, wisdom, and truth or it will destroy itself in the utterance. The solution comes with knowledge which Nature affords. It is impossible to search the universe and not find manifestations of the invisible power back of phenomena which stand as causes of scientific fact. Thus, inorganic matter is attributed to chemical affinity; vast changes in the vegetable kingdom are produced by the principle of growth; manifestations of animal life are influenced by instinct, yet of all those who use the terms: chemical affinity, principle of growth, and instinct, not one is able to give a comprehensive definition of the invisible powers represented by the terms. Gravitation, cohesion, and chemical affinity are vegetative life conditions, but these conditions cannot cause life, nor can they explain life. The world could not pass from an inorganic state to a higher state through any inner parturient powers. The lower life must end without producing anything higher. Acorns can never produce anything higher than oaks;

there can be nothing but snakes hatched from snakes' eggs. There can be nothing but apes produced from the reproductive cells of the ape. Throughout the centuries that men and apes have lived side by side, man has produced nothing more than men, and apes have produced nothing higher than apes, in form, habits, or intelligence. With the benefit of human example, it would seem an easier matter for the ape form to advance at least to the level of the idiotic human, than to advance alone and unaided, and without human example.

The secret of life rests with Nature. Her unity demands that the physical forms which acted upon our globe prior to the appearance of man be the same in essence now as they were then. Iron, albumen, phosphate, lime, contain the same properties now as they did thousands of years ago; heat, electrical energy, light are no different today. The medieval alchemist working in the somber dusk of his laboratory, surrounded by strange apparatus, earnestly watching his crucible for the appearance of the homunculus for which he was laboring, watched long and in vain, the artificially reproduced human life was not to appear. Take every element composing life, analyze them carefully in the laboratory, measure and combine them in accordance with the strictest scientific rules; mold them together with the greatest exactitude, and after all the labor has been performed, you are

standing in the same place the medieval scientist did centuries ago, the human organism has failed to appear. Yet it has been claimed that these very elements of matter without science to guide them have produced human life. With all the necessary elements on hand and science to guide them, these physical elements remain just physical elements. Our conclusions are that matter, mere physical force alone, cannot produce human life. Nature does not agree with those who would attempt to establish her responsibility for the beginning of human life. She renders no account for this organism of man and the peculiar powers with which he appeared. No precedent even with science to guide it has ever been set in Nature to prove that the human organism can develop from physical force alone. If we still insist that man is the child of matter without a definitely established precedent, we are ascribing the known cause of man to unknown effects, a decidedly unscientific procedure.

Said Alcibiades, "The man is that which uses the body:—Now, does anything use the body but the mind? Is not the mind, therefore, the man?" An excursion through the United States Patent Office and the Smithsonian Institute is evidence that man's power is mental and not physical. This great power has forced Nature to bow to Man's will, and furnish him with all the necessities of existence. Every invention, every architectural

triumph, every accomplishment of man was born in the human mind. No ape ever built a steamship, or erected a fifty-story building, or constructed a bridge, or applied for a patent; no law of nature ever produced a radio or an aeroplane. Such accomplishments require more than physical attributes. They must all be created in the mind of man before their physical being is rendered possible.

Archimedes, the greatest inventor and mathematician of antiquity, wrote a treatise entitled: *Psammites* or "The Sand Reckoner." This treatise disclosed the exact number of grains of sand required to fill a sphere the size of the world. To Archimedes the concrete evidence of figures was the epitome of romance and beauty. A geometric proposition affected his senses of appreciation about the same as a beautiful flower or a colorful sunset affects the lover of nature. To Archimedes, figures represented a method of reasoning which precluded any possibility of chance. Such a method is the peculiarity only of the mind of man. King Hiero of Syracuse once had a golden crown forged by a leading Suracusan goldsmith. Being desirous of ascertaining whether or not the crown which was very beautiful in appearance, contained alloy, he gave it to Archimedes and requested that he give it consideration. The great inventor sought constantly for an acceptable solution. Then, one day being attracted by a quaint geometric design engraved over the entrance

of a public bath, he stepped within. In a moment attendants disrobed and prepared him for the tub into which he stepped mechanically and without knowledge of what he was about, so deeply was he engrossed in thought. The tub was full and as he got in the bulk of his body displaced an equal amount of water on the floor. Immediately Archimedes leaped from the tub, and stark naked rushed swiftly through the streets of Syracuse shouting, "I have found it! I have found it!" With the stepping of Archimedes into the tub was born the science of hydrostatics with which it was disclosed that the golden crown of the Syracusan king was not solid gold. The achievement of Archimedes could have been compassed only by a human mind; a mind schooled in reasoning from cause to effect; a mind which attributes every physical accomplishment to mental causation.

If everything is due to physical causation, what of virtue and moral action? What is the explanation for Conscience, Law, Love? What of Reason, Memory, Will, Imagination? Scientist and theologian alike must see mind as the motivating element in every department of man's accomplishment. The power of the human mind sets a precedent which no student can ignore without denying his birth-right. Everything physical is traceable to mental power; that is the precedent.

There are five methods whereby the human mind expresses itself and establishes the

precedent of the mentality's supremacy. These methods of expression are: art, industry, society, language, and belief. Unassisted by hypothesis or interpretation, the mind assumes its physical dress through these five physical expressions. Neither the fallacious hypotheses nor the false interpretations can hope to endure within any of these expressions. Nature requires no falsity of thought to perpetuate her unity. The student who has read Shakespeare will probably recall the phrase, "The stars starting from their spheres." By this, Shakespeare meant Ptolemaic spheres, for he accepted as fact the Ptolemaic system even though Copernicus was then advancing the theory which is generally accepted today. In the second century Ptolemy of Alexandria brought forth the theory that the earth was the fixed center of the mundane universe and about it the heavenly bodies revolved in circles and at a uniform rate. About the disc of the world were said to be nine zones or heavens each containing a crystalline spherical shell. The smallest shell of course enclosed the earth, and the larger spheres enclosed the smaller until the ninth and last sphere enclosing the whole was reached. The apparent motion of the celestial bodies under this system was occasioned by the revolution of the spheres of space enclosing the earth at different distances.

For centuries, wise men accepted as true the hypothesis advanced by Ptolemy, yet what

appeared to be fact those many years ago is laughed at by the eighth grader of today. The hypothesis upon which the theory depended was false. Nature has no room within her eternal principle for anything but truth, consequently the falsity of thought advanced by Ptolemy was doomed to destruction. No thought that consciously or unconsciously seeks to destroy the unity can endure.

Individual interpretation of the scriptures and all its consequences seems to be one of the most important facts of Christianity. Freedom from organized form of human authority in religion is another. The controversial epochs marking the long life of the Christian Church are said to be the varying expressions of Christian consciousness and reason. Every controversy was the result of a desire to realize and express the first simple elements of truth as they are recorded in the Bible. As a result of the numberless controversies, innumerable opinions arose and creeds developed. The history of these opinions from the Apostles' Creed to the Decrees of the Council of Trent has been one of the serious pursuits of truth. The Bible was the voice of authority for the Reformers during their intense opposition to the Roman system. The system opposed by the Reformers likewise used the Bible as proof of their righteousness. Two diametrically opposed factions of the great Christian branch, each claiming to be right, and seeking to support their claims by

the Bible. Both factions found in the Bible a thousand serviceable things that were not there. One made use of the scriptures to wage violent protest against slavery to tradition, yet could there have been a forward stepping to the Twentieth Century, there would have been seen an almost absolute surrender by these same Reformers to creed and dogma. Whether or not any particular faction was wrong, both factions were certainly guilty of destroying the unity.

In Nature there is no controversy; there is unity. Anything which seeks to destroy this unity is an enemy of the truth and will not be tolerated within Nature's eternal principle. Due to the controversies in the Christian Church, the church was divided into hundreds of party divisions. While each division makes use of the same Bible, there are as many and varied interpretations of this same Bible as there are divisions. Each division has its own creed or doctrinal agreement by which adherents to the particular division are governed. Between the party divisions there is constant friction relative to individual belief. Some divisions of this Christianity even go so far as to carry out, or to attempt carrying out a policy of repression whereby individual members of the division in question will be forced to continue in the divisional creed, and not apostatize and accept a belief that is contrary to the standards of the party. Some party divisions refuse to permit their members to study

the same Bible with other divisions, their main objections to this merging of Bible study periods being that the offending division does not hold the Bible in the proper hand and will not turn their backs on each other when they pray. This party division will not allow a minister of another church in the same branch to make an address from their rostrum; nor will they allow any but their own divisional members to partake in the communion service. They claim to preserve the lofty teachings of the Bible while they seek to eliminate its miracles. Where such a condition of selfishness arises on the strength of biblical interpretation, the lofty teachings of the Bible lose their loftiness and become meaningless and empty. The unity is completely destroyed. Creed has drawn and warped the interpretation so that it interprets the creed and not the Bible, and upon this falsity of thought they base their hopes of a future. At some future time all men and all religions will be transposed by the agency of death to that perfect form wherein all is unity. What will be the state of the controversialists there? Will death bring only greater controversies and animosities? If death dissolves conflicts and unites all on a higher plane of thought, why should those who are striving for the same great end on earth seek its attainment by employing methods not in accord with the eternal principle of Nature? If their lives on earth have been devoted to the destruction of

the unity upon which Nature insists, what sort of unity will they preserve after death? Creed, and dogma, and selfish opinions have united to established false interpretations of the scripture that lend a grotesque form to the Deity if half the interpretations are to be accepted as true. Creed and dogma must take their place alongside the hypothesis as enemies to unity. It is creed, it is dogma, it is the hypothesis, the tendency to conjecture, to guess, to wrangle, to harp, to quibble to which the world of conflict owes its origin, its existence and its continued existence. Where such a continued state of inharmony exists there is no love, nor wisdom, nor truth. There is no attempt to preserve the unity; there is no admission to the eternal principle of Nature. Within the heart of the individual is to be found the solution. Nature accepts every religion and every man but the acceptance within the eternal principle is contingent upon man's acceptance of the truth, and with mind being the man the requirement of Nature should be easily and gladly met.

A contemplation of the mind that is the man and a consideration of its physical expressions renders inadmissible, dogma and speculation as avenues for the dissemination of established truths. Creed and speculation mean controversy, and truth and unity will never be established by insensate conflict. This superior being who owes his ascendancy over brute creation to the qualities of his mind

should have small difficulty in tearing out all the insecure methods of ascertaining truth by seeking to live it. Nature lives the truth; her strength and unity, her love and wisdom and truth depend upon her life. The secret of her eternal principle of unity rests in her silence. Could man but accept Nature's lesson of silence, controversy and conflict were at an end. Inorganic matter and physical life must serve mind and do the will of the Man. Every physical expression of the mind demonstrates this. On the darkest night gigantic ocean liners plough their unerring course through churning waves in mid-Atlantic, yet their sole guide through the vast stretches of black water is naught but a tiny needle balanced on a circular disc. Frail as it is, upon this tiny needle depends the lives and safety of every soul on board. The magnetic needles, the radial silk threads, the magnets and other physical properties employed in the construction of the compass, responded to the demand in the mind of Kelvin, and the most important instrument in navigation was the result. The invisible energies of the mind that is the man must always be served by matter.

Energy is everywhere present. The air we breathe is filled with it. In the frigid north it manifests as boreal rays; in the tropics as electric storms. The water we drink is driving energy; it is a liquid union of gases charged with electrical, mechanical, and chemical energies. The plants we eat are sur-

charged with energy. Man's composition is similar to the air he breathes, the water he drinks, and the plants he eats; his energies are no different. It is the mind of Man that gives him the power to unite the forces within; it is the mind of Man that trains and educates this power, and it is the mind of Man that elevates him to his exalted position above brute creation. What a mysterious thing is this invisible quality of the mind that acquires visibility in gigantic steamships, monstrous bridges, and buildings that tower above the clouds. A mysterious thing is this mind that holds within its invisible confines every fact of the physical world and the truths of the metaphysical, and combines them in the creation of wondrous works of art, and literature, and science.

Eight centuries before Christ in Western Asia Minor on the borders of Aeolia and Ionia, the Greek, Homer, wrote a poem immortalizing the struggles of the Aeonian colonists with the Phrygians. Since the writing of that immortal epic over two thousand years ago, Homer has been reduced to dust, and the spot where the famed city of Troy once stood is naught but a desolate beach washed over by tumultuous waves; but the Iliad untouched by time still lives, its lustre undimmed, and its glory unabated. The physical Homer has disappeared, but the mental remains in the Iliad. Mountains may be reduced to nothing, the seas disappear,

and continents vanish, but this creation of the mind is here to stay; and yet this great monument to the survival of the mental over the physical consists of nothing more than twenty-six letters combined to form what we know as words. What mysterious quality is the mind of Man that, out of twenty-six letters builds a monument that stands when mountains are wearing away and pyramids crumbling into ruins? Words are windows through which is to be seen the soul of a people; and thus the ideals of love and home, heroism and liberty, and faith expressed in the words of the Iliad must stand long after men, and countries, and worlds have been forgotten.

The secret of the perpetuity of the mind which is the Man rests in Nature wherein is contained the secret of all life. Life is eternal. Man and Nature are life; both are eternal. The spirits of Man and Nature commune in the silence that is Nature's. Only in solitude can the voice of the primrose be understood by man. The poet Wordsworth feels the happiness of the daffodils, and shares thereby in the eternal life of the universe. Lao-Tsze recognized that our divine attributes disappear before the pursuits of worldly things; that this material pursuit prevents living the inner life and the interpretation of existence; that happiness lays not so much in action as in contemplation; that it is in the individual, not in possessions, for they cannot bring happiness if it exists not in the heart. Thus the mysti-

cism of the Christian Wordsworth and the Chinese Lao-Tsze reveals that the universal soul, thought, mind, takes refuge in Nature in order that eternal life might be communicated. In Nature the Taoist and the Christian meet on common ground where all is truth and the unity undisturbed. Both the Taoist and the Christian realize that Man's inability to content himself with himself is the explanation for his failure to preserve the unity of Nature; that the possessions of the world, its riches, its vanities, honors, and ambitions are responsible for every falsity of thought and do not mean happiness; that the differences of external appearances, race, religion, science, disappear before their spiritual resemblances in the eternal principle of Nature's unity, for, alone in the solitude of Nature, far from the haunts of man, the disturbances of the world seem but dreams of the subjective without shape or form or reality.

"All are only divine phantoms rising from the changeless center of all things, and learning the eternal peace of earth. This peace descends upon Man the dreamer. Matter turns into spirit. The identity of all things is revealed, and becomes one with the individual soul."

Nature reveals to Man his true identity. Within her electrical solitude is the power that will destroy the false interpretation of scripture and tear from the face of the pseudo-scientist his hypothetical mask. Nature's

memory is unfailing. Upon the pages of her immense volume is indelibly recorded every tiny experience of the universe. No error in judgment or interpretation escapes the consciousness that is Nature's, for this consciousness is that which preceded the first physical form. It is this consciousness which explains the unity of Nature, and insists that this unity be preserved by all who seek admission to the consciousness. The intense conflict between the scientist and the theologian; the as intense controversies born of creed among theologians, do not escape Nature. With every new conflict, with every false interpretation, she sees the unity threatened anew. Nature takes no more violent exception to the untrue scientist than she does to the false theologian. Both are false interpreters; both are destroying the unity.

The biblical statement that the signs shall follow those who believe was not intended as just a lofty teaching suitable for quick persual on Sunday morning and to be forgotten during the afternoon excursion into the country. The clause was not placed in the Bible by accident nor without reason. It was placed there in plain and striking language so that no interpretation would be necessary. Yet there are as many interpretations of its meaning as there are readers of the Bible. Of these interpretations the vast majority refuse to give voice to the meaning as stated; for by so doing, they must necessarily relegate the in-

interpreters to the ranks of the unbelievers. In refusing to place a true interpretation upon a passage of scripture, the interpreter is guilty of a falsity of thought which precludes any possibility of his being admitted to the higher consciousness which is Nature's.

No falsity of thought whether it is an hypothesis or a false interpretation fits in with Nature's plan. The interpreter of the scripture who teaches that a babe, dying without having had recourse to baptism is lost, is afflicted with a magnified idea of the utterly preposterous. Within the great unity of Nature there can be no room for such a diabolical misinterpretation of fact. It is not interpretation, but a monstrous creation of creed, a deformity of reason founded on error which by its very unnaturalness is doomed to destruction. Where is the love? Where is the wisdom? Where is the truth of such a doctrine? Yet in the same breath the interpreter speaks of the redeeming blood. To the reasoning mind, the drab inconsistency is obvious. Confucius, the Pagan, taught that Man is pure at birth and afterwards becomes depraved owing to his environment. Certainly, this is a more sane and logical teaching than the alleged Christian doctrine of infant damnation. Nature revolts at what the monster creed has done, and praises the Pagan for a true interpretation of Christian scripture, while she brands the Christian's interpretation as grossly false. In the mind

of the interpreter who sees the punishment of an innocent babe because its elders have not complied with the formality of baptism, Nature sees not only a defective estimation of the Deity, but a defective estimation of Nature and himself as well. Finally, it is impossible for a monstrosity whether it is mental or physical, to exist in Nature's plan. Nature is continually eliminating monstrosities. The mental monstrosity of infant damnation must crumble before Nature's rigidly scrutinizing gaze, and make way for a more powerful and natural thought; a thought which will demonstrate by its ability to meet Nature's test of love, wisdom, and truth, that it has the right to endure.

Nature exposes the false interpretations of scripture; she destroys the misleading hypotheses of science, and establishes between the true scientist and the honest theologian her eternal principle of truth wherein all is unity. There will be no meeting of the false and true in Nature. Falsities of thought will not merge with truth. Where Nature is, falsehood and controversy are not. The truth in science gravitates to its environment in scripture. The false will be destroyed.

"For truth and falsehood in such things are like the iron and clay in Nebuchadnessar's image; they may cleave, but they will not incorporate," said Francis Bacon.

In Nature's plan the truth must cleave to truth; the false must cleave to the false. The

two will not incorporate. The course of things in continuity which we perceive and feel and know without attempting to reason, and which came into being as the result of creative consciousness, is Nature. It is this mighty force that penetrates the unsubstantial hypothesis of the untrue scientist, and the false interpretation of the theologian to destroy them both and make way for the final incorporation of all truth.

Nature insists that the scientist confine himself to facts and interpretations which Nature herself renders authentic. By confining himself to authenticated facts, the scientist excludes every element of the fabulous. This is the only method which gains the approval of Nature. The Great Pyramid is said to have been erected by Khufu in the year 2170 B. C. The date of the erection of this gigantic architectural achievement was determined from astronomical calculations. Here there has been a departure from the realm of established fact as defined within the very definite limitations of history, for the realm of the conjectural wherein all is dim and shadowy. We are not attempting here to attack the authenticity of the age of the Great Pyramid; so far we are concerned, its antiquity is measurable and our chronology sufficiently adjustable to the data given without greatly taxing the credulity. No judicious investigator, however, attaches any great amount of importance to monuments and

traditions so far as determining the accuracy of man's beginning and continuance on earth is concerned. Thus, the establishing of a fact by means of the conjecture is not admissible by Nature regardless of the interest attached to the fact.

The age of the world has been placed at around one hundred million years. The first seventy-five million years found the earth free from disease; thus, disease has existed on earth the comparatively short period of twenty-five million years. When scientists can reach back millions of years into the dim past and place the date for the commencement of disease with such startling accuracy, we are convinced that such wisdom which permits men to read the wonders from the indistinguishable pages of the past, is indeed a testimony to facts for which science stands—if they are facts.

"Knowing," said Confucius, "consists in knowing what we know, and also in knowing what we do not know."

The tendency to conjecture and speculate accounts for the controversy between the scientist and theologian. The speculative habit is well developed in both science and theology and where there has been this departure from Nature there is bound to be continued controversy. Some years ago a piece of pottery indicating human workmanship was brought up some ninety feet from the alluvial deposits of the Nile. At once there were

multitudinous profound calculations by scientists purporting to show how many thousands of years old this deposit was—measuring in accordance to the rate of formation in the Delta of the Nile. Finally the age of the piece of pottery was placed at a figure of such magnitude that the credence of man was staggered. According to scientific calculations it was established that man existed on earth for millions of years. The alleged discovery swept the country and everywhere could be heard the cry: “Where is Moses? Where is Genesis?” A more careful investigation proved the pottery to be Roman in origin, and at once speculation was at an end.

There must be no theorizing in Nature; there must be no infidelity nor skepticism. The truths of Nature are for those who live close to her. The tendency of one to theorize and the other to interpret falsely while the cry of infidelity is raised will not present natural truths. The facts within the eternal principle will remain unchanged despite the tendencies. The truth will not be governed by an irrational science nor a fanatical theology, nor will it be affected by the controversy which must arise between such science and such theology. Today a group of alleged scientists are advocating vaccination as an established scientific principle. Vaccination is said to be compassed by the injection of putrid pus taken from the festering sore of a diseased animal, into the blood current. Other scientists object to the

practice and point out that a quiescent malady may be lighted into activity by vaccination; that the practice weakens the life forces, impairs the vital functions, reduces the powers to resist disease; and throws the vaccinated individual more susceptible to all zymotic or contagious diseases. This second group of scientists point out further their objection to the practice of injecting poisonous lymph—the excretion of disease into the blood stream of an hitherto healthy individual, as a rank and filthy and dangerous practice, contrary to scientific principles. They allege that the practice is a grotesque superstition foisted on the public for gain and not protection.

It is not within our province here to decide for or against the acceptability of vaccination. If the ranks of the scientists are split asunder by violent controversy regarding this important question, it is not for us to take sides one way or the other. Regardless of the controversy, the facts of true science will not be influenced thereby. Whether it is a true or an untrue science that holds that healthy blood can be rendered immune from disease through the injection of poison virus into its flow remains to be demonstrated by the endurance of the practice. If the practice is founded on error, its very falsity of thought will destroy itself. Nature decides that. With all the arguments relative to the theory among scientists it would seem that there is no opinion current among scientific men. Then

every scientific opinion is more or less speculative, for there never has been a scientific decision that is not essentially provisional, that is not liable to modification or even revolution under the insistence of increased knowledge. If facts can be modified or revolutionized in response to the demands of further knowledge, they are not facts, and the science which has attempted to establish them, fails to be a true science in proportion to the failure of the facts.

Interpreters of the Bible fail to find therein a definite chronology as to years. The scale of time is given slight regard in forming the order of succession; the stated facts of Genesis are placed by simple declarative propositions within the realm of the probable; the succession of events therein chronicled are likewise unconditioned elements of the probable; the creation, the temptation, the dispersion, the flood, the migration, all fall within the same realm. Why should the facts of the Bible which we are supposed to accept without question be clothed with no more substantial raiment than mere probability? It is because the individual interpreter fails to perceive a definite chronology outlined in the Bible, and the fact, that, to the source from which the Bible arose, the sun was always in the east demonstrating that time was not, failed to impress the interpreter and he attempted to attach years to biblical fact, and lost himself in an inextricable speculative

maze. We do not attempt to vest the great fact of the Atlantic with mere probability. In spite of the fact that no chronology can give us the year when the Atlantic was brought into being, we recognize it as positive fact, yet the source of the Atlantic is just as mysterious as the source of biblical facts. To the eternal principle of Nature the element of time is not afforded recognition. From the succession and progression of things on earth, Man ascertains what is known as "time." The apparent motion of the sun divides time into days, and months, and years. It is to this succession and progression that science and theology alike look in attempting to affix a chronology as to years. Both must err in attempting to introduce time in explanation of a state. Nature, the mind, the Man does not age; there is only a changing of the state. The state of the acorn, the state of the oak; the state of the reproductive cells, the child, the Man is compassed through natural processes known to and governed by Nature, but the definition is not time. Within the eternal principle of Nature there is no place for time. Age is a condition only of that which recognizes time. Nature recognizes neither youth nor age. That which seems to be the transition from youth to age is in reality a changing of the state within the eternal principle.

It may be that Narmec the Scorpion was the first Egyptian king, and that Memphis was founded by Merpeba, ruler of the Sixth

Dynasty; it may be that, with the creation of the "Bearded Pony," and the "Great Stag" of the Altamira, art was born in the mind of the Reindeer man twenty thousand years ago; it is possible that society owes its origin to the Cro-Magnard, and that the eolith was an implement of Quaternary man, yet there is the decided inability of science to adjust these alleged facts to a sliding scale of chronology in respect to years. They must go on record as probable facts, which means that Nature has not seen fit to disclose all the mysteries of the changing states.

The clearly established facts must be accepted by theologian and scientist alike. Controversy springs from attempts to reconcile one class of facts with another. To base a theory upon one class of facts that are directly opposed to other facts which are sustained by admissible evidence is not scientific. The succession of events in the creation, progress in unbroken strain. Both theologian and scientist agree. Man appears as the highest and most perfect work of the Creator. Nothing approaches him in perfection of construction. Of all created things, he was the most perfectly created. The scientist and theologian must concur. He who does not automatically admits his inferiority. Further,—at whatever point Man began existence, he had because of his mental qualities dominion over Nature to which he is assigned in the Bible. Man in his earliest state possessed a

peculiar ingenuity and skill in the manufacture of iron and stone knives and other weapons to aid him in subduing nature. That skill was mental and not physical. In looks it is possible that Man may have resembled monkey; his physical characteristics, his actions may not have been unlike the monkey's, but mentally he has always been Man. With the appearance of Man in Nature, *Mind*, that invisible force housed within the physical took immediate dominion over Nature, and propelled the body housing the mind forward into expansion and improvement that has seemed endless. Mind alone has been able to comprehend the laws of Nature and to force Nature to work for Man by the simple expediency of obeying these laws. By obedience to law mind augmented the strength of Man by making an ally of Nature. With such a force ready to obey the suggestion of the mind, all brute creation was rendered subjective to Man's will. This mind, housed in physical form which was known as Man was the last created form. With the advent of Man, no new species has appeared in the lower creation. There has been no evidence of the creation of any new elements in organic Nature since Man's appearance. The physical whole has been completed; objective mind has been enthroned ruler of the physical world. Science and theology accept the past as having been proved by Nature. Mind, the common ground in the eternal principle wherein science

and theology can meet, has established a margin whereon every established fact of science can be made to harmonize with every true interpretation of scripture. The discerning judge of Nature frowns upon every controversy between science and theology, for the very argument is indicative that one or both are erring in judgment or interpretation.

"It is not enough for one to use his understanding in all things," said Socrates, founder of ethics, "but it is a question of what cause one exerts it for."

To introduce an absurd hypothesis or a false interpretation in support of a theory in order to vest the theory with the appearance of fact for any reason whatever, is contrary to Nature. The folk-lore which investigates Man's traditions, customs, and beliefs, will finally discover the fallacy. The truth only, can exist within the eternal principle. Falsehood is unnatural and cannot endure. Falsities of thought mean ignorance; truth is knowledge. Man approaches Nature in direct proportion to the knowledge in which he lives; thus, so far as Man approaches Nature, is he living in knowledge.

Man and Nature were created in the image of the Hand which fashioned them. The inner Man, his subconscious entity, is the spiritual image; his physical body is the image of the world. The great subconscious image influenced his personality until Man wilfully

destroyed it by falsities of thought, fallacious hypotheses, and false interpretations. For this, Man himself was to blame; not only the scientist but the theologian had a hand in its destruction. The subconscious image having been destroyed, in accordance with the law the opposite image ruled Man's personality. This explains the ignorance into which Man must be born; his wandering from Nature has resulted in the destruction of the spiritual image, and the departure from knowledge. In proportion to Man's return to Nature, and his obedience to Nature's laws, will he be returned to knowledge, his inner being thrown open to natural truths, and the image formed anew.

The existence of law within the eternal principle of Nature is not recognizable to those within. Law has been defined as a rule of action laid down by authority. Within the eternal principle where all is unity it would be better defined as a necessary co-existence with a state of being. Law itself exists only for those who violate it, and the moment there is a violation, the violator is excluded thereby from Nature; thus, within the unity of Nature there is no recognition of law. So far as Man lives in obedience to natural laws, is he one with Nature. With his complete cessation from violation of natural law he is admitted to knowledge, the image is restored, and his position within the unity of Nature assured. With his final restoration to Nature, his recognition of law ceases for he is

within the unity; he is no longer a violator; the law does not exist for him. There is no exclusion from the eternal principle once Nature's knowledge becomes the Man's. Nature gives knowledge to those within her unity. Man with all his superior ascendancy in the world is not able to gather honey from flowers. The bee knows how this is done. It knows, moreover, how to build wax cells in which to store honey. The queen lays eggs after which they are covered in order that their race might be perpetuated. The bees have a form of government, which while instinctive is perfectly organized nevertheless. The bee performs wonders which require knowledge; wonders which Man with all his knowledge fails to understand. Wherein rests the secret of the bee's wise performance? The explanation rests with Nature. The form of the bee is a cloak of Nature covering a spiritual cause. Nature has imparted her wisdom and rationality to the tiny shell of the bee; the bee is one with Nature's unity and knows not how to violate natural law; the law was not made for the bee.

Nature gives her knowledge to the Man who preserves her unity. This knowledge discloses to Man wherein the unsubstantial hypothesis and the false interpretation are in error. Neither the false interpreter nor the untrue scientist is respected by Nature; both the scientist and theologian have failed to preserve the unity and have fallen from

Nature, and both are violators of natural law. Their isolation from the unity of Nature gives them only objective sight. The things to which they attempt to attach reason coming under the observation of the objective eye, are their only perception. The interior sight, the subconscious sight, the sight that comes with real knowledge is not theirs; thus, the conjecture, the guess, the hypothesis of science, and the false interpretation of the Bible. Nature's greatest province is to minister to the wants of Man—to serve his every need. Her greatest wish is that Man be one with her, not inferior to her. Nature is superior only to the Man who has fallen from her.

The great unity is manifested by Nature's love, wisdom, and truth. She loves the helpless seed of the wild-rose as well as the Man. Both are her children. From both she expects strict observance of natural law. In the tiny seed of the wild-rose, this observance never fails. Man, the most perfectly created of Nature's handiwork, fails continuously in this observance. Why should Man, the perfectly created being, the being that is endowed with rationality and will, fail in this observance where the insignificant seed of the wild-rose succeeds? Secure within the unity of Nature the tiny seed performs its work. The knowledge of a rational universe is seen working therein. It has no thought of law; the law was not made for the tiny seed. Law exists

only for the violator. There will never be any infraction of the law by the seed. Is the secret of true knowledge locked within the confines of the tiny seed? Unassisted by the two great qualities known to Man as reason and will, the tiny seed goes forward in a continual endeavor to propagate itself further. Does Man with all his superior mental qualities have any higher and more exalted goal? The last goal toward which the tiny seed tends is *seed*, and this without the assistance of reason and will. Both Man and seed demonstrate perpetual creation and existence. The creative power which manifests in the seed of the wild-rose and the Man is dependent upon the consciousness back of Nature which is Nature's consciousness, and from whence spring all love, wisdom, and truth. The understanding of love comes only through the perception of its quality which is wisdom, which is in essence truth. Thus, the eternal principle of Nature is one unending principle of love, wisdom, and truth.

Nature insists upon the preservation of her unity. Misleading hypotheses and false interpretations are falsities of thought which seek to destroy that unity, and consequently are excluded from Nature. True, the facts sought by the misleading hypothesis and the false interpretation may have been sought as an office of love, but the truth of wisdom did not enter in, and without this, love is only apparent, and the logic fallacious. The

Peruvian Incas who raised their golden houses to the sun-god beneath the snowy mountains around Cuzco, performed thereby an office of love. Theology points out that the act was absurd and contrary to wisdom. While the act of creating the temple may have been motivated by love, it was unassisted by wisdom and truth and consequently false. Theology hastens to criticize the worship of the sun as idolatrous, yet we Christians observe the custom of hanging up wreaths at Christmas-tide and do it with a feeling of reverence and love, ignorant of the fact that the custom is an echo of the ghost rites of antiquity, an offspring from ancestral worship. The wreaths were hung outside by the ancients to provide the poor wandering ghosts of Holy Night with a refuge from the cold.

It is not within the province of reason and will to decide whether or not the facts which are born of Nature are fallacious. Reason will not defend the idea of the unreasoning and unthinking seed of the wild-rose unfolding into the perfect flower. This is a province of Nature only. Detecting and exposing falsities of thought is another province of Nature. Once the false is exposed by Nature, its very unnaturalness brings about its destruction. There is no destruction save self destruction. No thought or principle that does not fit securely within the eternal principle of Nature can be of long endurance. Nature points out the fallacy of the thought or prin-

ciple after which it crashes like a ship upon the rocks. The infallibility of a thought or principle is to be determined by its endurance. The very falsity of thought upon which an hypothesis or an interpretation is established will bring certain destruction.

Science recognizes the plan of Nature to unite all truth within her eternal principle, and with the recognition comes the realization that religion is something mighty and indestructible, and not a projection of a delirious pre-logical mentality. It recognizes that religion is not unfounded mysticism inherited from a pre-logical state, and consequently is not illusory. No thought, principle, nor human institution based on error can endure. Science sees in religion a part of Nature that will forever endure. It perceives moreover, that God is not the invention of the imagination and that He does not owe His advancement to the fertility of the racial imagination. Neither race nor imagination can minimize or magnify God. God is unchangeable; He is not an idea. Ideas are children of the imagination and change to meet individual desires; and while ideas may change in accordance with or in response to the imagination of the race, God Himself will never change. He and His plan are changeless and will endure forever. The life, the love, wisdom, and truth of Nature will endure forever. Life cannot be destroyed. True science is the explanation of life; religion

is the active belief in the love, wisdom, and truth of the Consciousness in Nature.

If science would be within the unity of Nature, it must be able to see religion there. If the theologian would aspire to Nature's unity, he must also be able to see the scientist therein. Both will see the fallacies of the other dissolved by truth and incorporated within the unity of truth in Nature. To them Nature discloses that, while ideas may change in response to the racial imagination, yet these same ideas can hold a profound significance in relation to the honesty of human investigation. To the honest investigator, Nature affords the final solution, but she emphatically denies that this solution can be reached through false interpretations or fallacious hypotheses. In the mind of the honest searcher after truth, the misleading ideas are brought into use through readjustment by Nature, but the misleading ideas in the mind of the dishonest individual are falsities of thought which destroy themselves. Religion is more than an idea. While religion is accounted a human institution, yet it embraces all Nature, and all Nature seems to testify to that mysterious consciousness and to glorify it. The bright ray of sun which leaps out from behind the cloud, glorifies the day, and Man, and trees, and flowers alike feel the subtle power working within. The tree reaches to the sun, the flower brightens, and Man sees his gloom dissipated. All Nature unites in a

feeling of joy. Of what? Joy of being; of life which is Nature, which is love, wisdom, truth; that is religion.

The idea of religion in Nature regardless of its acceptability is proof that an idea is capable of profound significance. The idea of religion in Nature is one which vests Nature with rationality. It is a gigantic idea, but right or wrong the state of God will not be affected thereby. The Patagonian's idea of religion vested the tree to which he addressed his prayers with divine potentialities. The Lithuanian's idea of God was the snake. The Potawotamis, the Vedic Aryans, and the Amerids worshipped fire; the Melanesians of New Guinea addressed their prayers to the sun, moon, and stars. The Hottentott's idea of God was the dawn; that of the Dravidian was the sun, and moon. The Mongolians worshipped their ancestors. The idea of God was entirely different to each worshiper, but the state of God Himself has remained unchanged. Ideas only, change. God never does. Nature's unfailing chemistry analyzes these multitudinous ideas of God and finds the symbols of fire, sun, moon, stars to be symbols of a real divinity. The real divinity whose state remains unchanged in Nature does not scoff at these symbols of the Supreme God. The individual who does, is further from Nature and the truth than the savage worshipers. Krishna, Budda, Mahomet, are symbols of divinity, and while all are different

in form to the Christians' Christ, yet they are identical in fact, and petitions addressed to them are certainly acceptable to that changeless Deity who recognizes neither person, form, nor idea. By no less authority than the great Swedenborg, the sun is the Lord as to love; the moon is the symbol of the Lord as to faith; the stars symbolize the knowledge of good and truth; thus, the Melanesian, and the Dravidian who worshiped the sun, moon, and stars did so under stern conviction that these symbols of Omnipotence held by their being the Divine Hand which fashioned them, and paid them tribute secure with the thought that their prayers were being heard.

In this day of the battle of the creeds, what man is sufficiently wise and free from prejudice that he can point out where these ancient people erred? Is there one individual who has escaped the chains of dogma, the false interpretations, the machinations of the pseudo-scientist to the extent that he believes the prayers of the ancients to the sun, moon, and stars were heard by God? The individual who believes that, is indeed one with revealing Nature. To him Nature has revealed her entity; she praises him as an honest investigator; she admits him to the higher consciousness. This man learned that the greatest joy which comes with perfect unity of spirit resides not in Nature alone, but in the harmony of Nature and Man. He sees it is the con-

sciousness in Nature that makes perfect her unity.

No unity of Nature would be perfect without consciousness. Her snow-capped peaks, her blue-green sea, her vapory horizon, her colorful rainbows, blossoming orchards, shimmering moons, twinkling stars, June nights, and October afternoons would be utterly drab without the consciousness that is Nature's. The presence of this higher power lends beauty and a sense of perfection to Nature's most dismal scene. Upon this perfect unity that is Nature's, Man is invited to enter. All the beauty of Nature seeks to intrigue him. The violet and the anemone smile forgiveness up at him even as he crushes them under foot. The columbine, the fuchsia, the jonquil, entreat him gently from the wayside. The pine, the oak, the redwood, beckon him; the brown thrush and the lark sing to him; the sunbeam, the landscape, the horizon, smile upon him; the winds caress his brow. The prodigious frown has fallen from the face of the sphinx. The lips of a smiling Nature open to answer the question of life. Within his own heart he discovers a feeling of joy that merges with the joy of the day. There are no idle speculations nor false interpretations here. Within Nature's great throbbing, pulsating heart he finds written the deepest truths. He discovers a resemblance between everything in the universe; he sees in one creature but the reproduction of

every other creature. The greatest truths that come only with acceptance to the unity are at last open to him. The great fashioning Hand of Nature has claimed him for her own.

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